Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

MARCH, 1923

RADICALISM *VERSUS* GOVERNMENT

BY BEN W. HOOPER

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WHEN the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars convulsed Europe, the political seismographs in the young American republic recorded only a slight tremor. There were a few of our early statesmen whose conduct and writings showed that they were somewhat addled by the concussion, but the new democracy, as a whole, was too fresh and virile to be shocked into any neurasthenic social and political delusions. It was more than a century until Europe experienced another human upheaval. In vastness, depth and intensity, it exceeded all that had gone before. From it, America has not escaped so scatheless. Invention had diminished the distance intervening between us and the disturbed area, and modern industry and commerce had multiplied and interwoven our relationships with the people over there. Moreover, by reason of these new conditions, we were drawn into actual participation in the European struggle, a thing we vigorously and successfully resisted one hundred years before. As a result, there is a Babel of strange voices in our land. They are lifted in the preachment of new doctrines that will not square with the Constitution handed down to us by our forefathers. They are singing a raucous, discordant chorus out of harmony with the music of our republic.

Heretofore we have had only long-range knowledge of the Radicalism that prevailed in many of the countries of the Euro-

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pean continent. The meager newspaper and magazine reports and discussions of Anarchy, Communism, Socialism, Bolshevism and kindred "isms" across the sea have aroused but mild and casual interest in this country, until today we are face to face with similar problems of increasing gravity.

There is no occasion for immediate alarm among those who are devoted to the preservation of our form of government, but there is ample cause for serious thought and prompt action. The man who does not recognize this fact is blind to the signs of the times, and his failure to see what is passing before him now will compel him to engage in a mental footrace to catch up with the procession a few years hence.

The danger to our institutions from Radicalism does not arise from the fact that there is at present an element of Radicals in our country of such imposing strength and numbers as openly and directly to threaten the overthrow of the existing order. To be sure, the number of such men has enormously increased within the last few years, and their activity in the dissemination of their doctrines, both by the spoken and written word, has been tremendously enlarged. On the news stands in practically all of our cities can be seen their periodicals with glaring headlines that radiate maledictions against every institution of government and society. The class hatred that is engendered by these publications, the disloyalty to the Government and the seething discontent, are beyond all calculation. The business man who sees these radical sheets, when he pauses to buy an evening paper as he hurries homeward, does not accord to them a passing thought. Let him not make the mistake of thinking that, because these venomous shafts of political Ishmaelism do not touch him, they do not pierce and poison anybody else. They are read in various languages and implicitly accepted by hundreds of thousands—perhaps millions of people altogether. To get an idea of the kind of political pabulum that is being fed to an element of laboring men, to the unemployed and, particularly, to the foreign born, it would be well for the business and professional man and the steady, conservative working man occasionally to take home with them a copy of one of these periodicals. They will find its contents of more startling signifi-

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cance than the news of the day, for it is not simply the news of today, but, if discerningly read, it may be the news of tomorrow.

And yet, let it be repeated, there is no imminent occasion for apprehension that these open and conspicuous advocates of Radicalism can shatter the structure of society in the United States. There is, however, genuine cause for uneasiness in the fact that a large and influential element of people in this country are headed toward socialistic Radicalism, without being aware of it. A very positive movement is on foot to throw the forces of organized labor into politics as allies of Socialism. This development is not surprising, in view of the fact that it is merely a duplication of what has already occurred in various countries of Europe. For the time being, the leaders of this movement do not call themselves Socialists, but the socialistic trend of their activities is quite obvious.

Until recently, organized labor has largely confined its operations to conducting along economic lines the struggle with capital for a larger share in the product of its hands and for improved working conditions. Only occasionally and locally has labor attempted to make itself felt in politics in an organized way, and then, as a rule, without any definite, distinctive policy. The new political movement of organized labor is headed and controlled by certain leaders of railway labor organizations, who have formed a working agreement with the Socialist party and other radical groups.

In so far as Samuel Gompers, the head of the American Federation of Labor, is concerned, he loses no opportunity to let it be known that he is not a Socialist. The majority of the railroad labor organizations are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. The leaders of a few of these organizations have so far held aloof from this movement, but most of them are represented in it. Organizations representing "dirt" farmers have likewise displayed no interest in it, although its roster shows the names of a few political and paper agriculturists. The railway employees alone, numbering as they do approximately 2,000,000, if they could be delivered *en bloc* at the polls, would constitute a formidable vote. The Socialists polled a vote of 919,799 in the national election of 1920, and it is not

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thought that any considerable percentage of this vote came from railway employees, but some of the other labor groups represented in this new political bloc, for example, the miners and garment workers, doubtless contributed a larger portion of it.

The financial resources of these labor organizations are actually great and potentially enormous. As an illustration of the big scale upon which they conduct their affairs, one of the railway unions expended in the holding of its national convention in 1922 upwards of $350,000, and it is not exceptional for the conventions of the larger railway organizations to cost a sum running well into six figures.

One of the organizations owns a bank capitalized at a million dollars, has recently purchased valuable coal lands, and pays its chief a salary of $25,000 per annum. Several of them own pretentious buildings in which they maintain elaborate headquarters, well manned with generously paid employees, and have assets running into the millions.

Each of the organizations publishes its own magazine, and the railway unions jointly publish a weekly paper in Washington that is purely political and that nearly all of the organizations send to their entire membership at the expense of their treasury funds.

None of these matters are mentioned by way of criticism, but merely for the purpose of exemplifying the power and resources of these organizations and for the further purpose of pointing the moral that they are not posing as the economic underdogs and "wage-slaves" of the present industrial system.

The organizations of railway employees, as a whole, were immensely advanced and strengthened during Federal control of the railroads. They have suffered less from deflation since the war than any other class of labor.

It may therefore seem strange that the leaders of several of the highest paid classes of railway employees should form an open alliance with Socialism and undertake to lead their constituents into such a movement. It often happens that a labor leader excuses a questionable action by saying that he was impelled to it by the membership back of him. So far as discernible, there is no great amount of spontaneous sentiment

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among railway employees for Socialism or any of the other political "isms" that have been plucked from Europe and transplanted in America.

Of course, it must be said that this new political movement fostered by leaders of organized labor does not propose immediate entrance into the Socialist party, but merely coöperation with it. The Socialists wisely welcome this as a first step and naturally expect it to be followed by another in the same direction. They consider the movement unquestionably socialistic in some appreciable degree or they would not coöperate with it.

The outstanding feature of the programme of these particular railroad labor leaders which appeals to the Socialists is their advocacy of government ownership of the railroads under the so-called Plumb Plan. While it is recognized that there are people who favor government ownership of the railroads who are not Socialists, it is perceived by the Socialists that government ownership of public utilities is the first long stride toward the socialization of all industries. It must be noted, however, that the heads of some of the railroad labor organizations have not subscribed to the Plumb Plan, and the idea that government ownership would be advantageous to the employees is gravely doubted. The fact is pointed to that the postal employees have never succeeded in having everything their own way, and have fared no better than men in private employment performing work requiring comparable skill and responsibility. This is sometimes answered by the argument that the greater the number of highly organized men in the government service, the more effective would be their control over everything bearing on their wages and working conditions. Those who advance this idea hold to the opinion that the vast army of railway employees would dominate the Government and they cite their success in obtaining concessions during the recent period of government control. To this, the reply is made that the facility with which the railroad labor organizations procured advantageous action from the Government during the stress of war cannot be taken as a measure of what would happen under government control during times of peace.

While this sort of argument is going on among railway em-

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ployees, the fact remains that the leaders of a large majority of their organizations have launched an aggressive campaign for government ownership, and they are utilizing their official magazines for spreading propaganda to this end. A typical utterance on this subject is embraced in the following excerpt from a recent issue of *The Journal of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers*, where it was printed in display type:

> Let us face the railroad problem honestly. We shall continue to have freight tie-ups, labor trouble, inefficient service, over valuation, and inside contract scandals, so long as the railroads of this country are operated for private profit and not primarily for public service. The railroads, like the dirt roads, must belong to the people. The workers themselves possess the technical brains, devotion to duty, and loyalty to the public weal, requisite for the efficient operation of the railways. Give them a chance. The Plumb Plan shows the way. Must the railway employees and the people of the United States suffer another railroad strike, perhaps far more serious than the last one, to impress this truth upon them? The Plumb Plan is our only hope. Either that or chaos.

Government ownership of railways, however, is not expected to be achieved at any early date by discussion and agitation, based on present conditions. Certain intermediate developments must be brought about, which will so discourage and disgust the public with private ownership and operation as to incite a popular clamor for government ownership. The above quotation from the Engineers' *Journal* furnishes the key to the situation: first a taste of chaos, and then the joyful acceptance of government ownership.

The people of this country are afraid of government ownership of railroads, with its infinite possibilities of political log-rolling and graft, bureaucratic inefficiency, class domination, and increased taxation. The only consideration that will ever impel them to give ear to this proposition will be complete and conclusive evidence that private ownership and operation have absolutely failed to meet the needs of the American public. They will then fly from the ills they have to others that they know not of.

In the mean time, this alleged progressive movement is driving directly toward one point, and that is, in general terms, to remove from the statute books of the United States and from

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the Federal Constitution every vestige of law and legal machinery that is designed to restrain strikers from the use of physical force and to regulate their use of economic power in the enforcement of their demands against employers and the public. With this purpose fairly well accomplished, our Government would become one of force rather than law, and chaos would indeed reign. Without attempting to file a full bill of particulars in connection with the foregoing radical programme, euphemistically called progressive by its proponents, let a few examples suffice.

In the first place, it is seriously proposed to change the form of our Government by undermining and overthrowing the independence of the Judiciary Department. The proposal to empower Congress to set aside a decision of the Supreme Court which declares an act of Congress unconstitutional is revolutionary in its nature. That element of radical and restive men who are always eager to tinker and experiment with established institutions have no patience with the thoughtful and deliberate methods of a court. When they desire the quick enactment of a law, it matters not to them that the law is unconstitutional, and they rage against the court which declares it so. They concede that Congress may pass a law that violates the Constitution, but insist that Congress should have the final right to say whether or not it has in fact made such blunder. It would appear that if Congress passed an unconstitutional law, it would do so either knowingly or unknowingly. If, after the usually full discussion, it enacted the unconstitutional law knowingly, it would not likely retract. If it passed it unknowingly, it would not be likely to find it out.

A parliamentary body, composed of a large percentage of men comparatively unfamiliar with the Constitution and laws of the country, is not fitted to pass judgment upon the constitutionality of a statute. Such a question is a judicial one of the highest type and character and should no more be referred to a legislative body than any other function of the judiciary.

This proposal means nothing more nor less than the complete wiping out of our written Constitution. Instead of having all questions affecting the character of our liberties passed upon by a court, comprised of men trained for that purpose and

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freed from the influence of ephemeral popular passion by long tenure of office, this sacred instrument would be made the sport of the rising and falling tides of inconstant public sentiment as reflected in successive, short-lived congresses. But one result could flow from such a system. The Legislative Department of our Federal Government would soon completely dominate the Executive and Judiciary Departments. The constitutional rock upon which our nation stands would be replaced by sinking sands and the liberties of the people would be engulfed.

As a corollary to this proposition, the demand is made that the courts should be deprived of the injunctive powers exercised in connection with strikes, or that those powers should be greatly limited. Any man who will look this demand squarely in the eyes knows that it has but one meaning. It means that the labor leaders who espouse it desire that strikers and their coadjutors shall possess the unfettered license to destroy property and to intimidate and assault those who exercise the right to do the work that the strikers have abandoned. It means that the courts of our land must stand shackled and gagged in the presence of insolent and triumphant force. It means that the strongest safeguard of life, liberty and property known to our republic must be broken down in order that the onrush of the frenzied mob may not be obstructed.

The injunctive power is not an instrument of oppression. Not often has it been perverted from its proper use. In tens of thousands of instances it has protected the weak against the mighty, the law-abiding against the lawless, the peaceable against the violent. Nothing is to be gained by mincing words in the discussion of this question. The people of this country know that the economic power of the strike degenerates nine times out of ten into crude, raw, naked, hideous physical force. Because this is true almost without exception in big strikes, it must be anticipated by those who order strikes. Indeed, it is known that only in rare instances can a strike succeed without the accompaniment of violence.

The recent railroad strike manifested practically all the phases of civil warfare. The new workers were besieged inside their stockades. The blockade of shipments of all sorts of

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commodities was attempted. Bombs were thrown for the destruction of men and property. Murders and assaults were committed. Then, when the Attorney-General, after infinite patience and the careful gathering of evidence, resorted to the courts for the defense of the lives of workers and the preservation of the public utility upon which the people at large must depend for food and fuel, there arose a demagogical outcry against the courts, the Department of Justice and the power of injunction.

This, however, is not an isolated political phenomenon. It is only one incident in the steady campaign of vituperation and abuse that is being promiscuously waged against the courts of the land in support of the definite programme above mentioned. By far the most alarming feature of Radicalism in this country today is the persistent, systematic, wide-spread effort to destroy the confidence of the people in the courts. The extent to which this is being carried on can be realized only by those who read the radical publications.

A few quotations taken at random, from a small number of publications, illustrate the war that is being made on the courts, the State militia, the police and other agencies of law and order by leaders of even conservative organizations. One or two of these excerpts also express the prevailing sentiment in regard to the man who takes up the work laid down by a striker, namely, that the strike breaker or "scab" has no right to do such work, that violence against him is perfectly justifiable, and that the ideal public official is the one who declines to interfere when the strike breaker is beaten up and compelled to flee from his work, or is perhaps murdered. The statement that "strike breaking is becoming unhealthy in Illinois" is a delicate and feeling recognition of the fine work done in the massacre of twenty-odd strike breakers at Herrin.

The quotations follow:

Locomotive Engineers' Journal, July, 1922:

Putting the gown of a Chief Justice on a man does not alter by one whit the respect to which he is entitled. Why should the workers accept as divine law the decrees of the same "Injunction Bill" Taft, who, first among federal judges, nailed the engineer to his locomotive and denied him the right to quit work when the job and pay dissatisfied him? * * *

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Perhaps, Mr. Debs is right when he says in his article in this issue of the *Journal* that Mr. Taft was appointed to administer this kind of justice.

Locomotive Engineers' Journal, June, 1922:

We sound a warning to the courts, the police and other agencies of "justice" which are using force and the power of the State to coerce organized labor. They are treading upon dangerous ground. They are doing more to overthrow law and order and destroy the government than all the Bolsheviks and radical agitators who ever existed, and they are compelling even the dullest worker to realize that the right of labor will receive scant consideration until the State itself is controlled by the producing classes.

* * * * * *

We shall not rest content until the unwarranted judicial veto is taken from the Supreme Court and the expressed will of the people becomes the unquestioned law of the land.

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Must democracy be defeated by the New Slavery, which is destroying the Old Freedom? What hope can we put in political action, in economic organization, in the struggle for a free press? Is there any remedy short of revolution? These and other vital social issues Dr. Howe analyzes in "Revolution and Democracy".

Journal of Electrical Workers and Operators, July, 1922:

Chief Justice Taft of the United States Supreme Court, is to be given credit for removing all doubt about the courts, in the main, being the apparatus of the big interests, barren of justice, and club of those who have looted America.

Amalgamated Sheet Metal Workers' Journal, April, 1922:

America today is a composite of every form of tyranny practiced in the Old World and historically recorded, until the New World can give the extinct and existing monarchical forms of government in the Old World lessons in how to effectively fit the necks of a subject people to the galling yoke, not of freedom but of an unacknowledged but nevertheless existing vassalage.

Amalgamated Sheet Metal Workers' Journal, July, 1922:

A Union Army officered by Union Men would logically be in perfect harmony with trades union ideals, for only by and through such an agency would the present practice of recourse to armed intervention in labor disputes cease to be the crowning infamy of an alleged democratic republic.

The Railroad Telegrapher, August, 1922:

No man can deny the fact that, as a result of recent decisions of the Supreme Court, the people suffer while the few rejoice, and the people will continue to suffer until such time as law is made supreme and the government

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of five men now afflicting the country is done away with. There is no law now—there exists but anarchy—the anarchy of a government based on the whims, susceptibilities, wishes and desires of five old men who are opposed to the law made by the people for the people.

The Railway Conductor, May, 1922:

A judicial noose that strangles labor is used by coal owners to conceal their profits and gouge the public.

This situation shows how far property-biased courts can go without protest from the public whose attention is drawn from these things by master propagandists.

Machinists' Monthly Journal, August, 1922; Department "Woman's Sphere":

The absurd part of it is the tax payers in every State are really paying for the establishment and maintenance of these state militia and constabularies that are only used to protect the property and financial interests of the wealthy class. Did you ever know of them being used for any other purpose? Most assuredly not for the benefit of the worker.

Texas Railway Journal, August, 1922:

The Chicago and Alton Ry. sent in a bunch of strike breakers on Slater, Mo. The women of the city congregated and drove them out of the city. The mayor and sheriff are both order men and refused to interfere with the women. Strike breaking is becoming unhealthy in Missouri and Illinois, as it will be elsewhere when real union voters exercise enough intelligence to vote their labor tickets straight, leaving the "labor skate" element and disruptionists to mingle with their kind—the strike breaker.

* * * * * *

If you, a worker, persist in your disregard for the necessity of discipline and solidarity at the ballot box, then you will later be compelled to resort to physical force—to the rifle, if you please—to compel from the masters recognition of your rights, and remember you have no rights you cannot defend.

Such excerpts might be extended *ad infinitum*, but those given are typical of the sentiments that are being inculcated among laboring men with reference to the Government under which they live. As a rule, these come from the leaders of the most highly paid workers in the country, the purchasing power of whose wage is considerably higher than it was before the war, notwithstanding the increased cost of living. The tone and tenor of the utterances of the really radical papers and leaders can well be imagined without being set out here.

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This indiscriminate attack on the courts is equivalent to an attack on all forms of civilized government, because there can be no government without laws, and without courts to provide the interpretation necessary to the enforcement of the laws. Such a preachment therefore tends to the destruction of all government and the enthronement of anarchy.

Another incident of this self-styled progressive movement is its purpose to repeal the labor provisions of the Transportation Act, because that enactment throws obstacles in the way of railway strikes, even though it does not expressly forbid them. Since its passage, nearly two years ago, there has been but one strike of any magnitude, although about 9,000 disputes have been decided by the Railroad Labor Board, including all the difficult questions of after-war readjustment of wages and revision of working rules. The one strike referred to wrought incalculable damage to the country, particularly to the farmers, but the mere fact that the matters in issue had been tried and decided by a government tribunal deprived the strikers of any considerable part of the public support essential to their success. Here is a condensed recapitulatory analysis of the various steps in the programme of this new alliance:

1. To deprive the courts and all other tribunals of the power to obstruct strikes and to restrain strikers from the use of force.

2. To curtail both State and National troops so that the Government cannot successfully use them to protect employers, workers and the public from the violence of strikes.

3. To subordinate the judicial to the legislative branch of the Government and to emasculate the written Constitution so that sweeping changes in our political and industrial system can be speedily accomplished.

4. Having consummated the first three items of this platform, the logical sequence which our people would inevitably be called upon to face would be the conversion of the republic into some sort of a socialistic or communistic government or dictatorship of the proletariat. This is why the Socialists coöperated so cordially in the Cleveland conference. Of course, it is not asserted that all of the participants in that conference contemplated the end here described.

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This conference has organized what is equivalent to a third party, but it proposes to submerge its identity for the present and to operate inside the party lines of the two old parties. It is to participate in party primaries alternately and impartially, and then, whenever both primary results are not satisfactory, it is to nominate candidates of its own.

The gentle persuasive democratic methods of political discipline it will doubtless employ are set out in the September number of *The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen's Magazine*, as follows:

POLITICAL TRAITORS AS BAD AS STRIKE BREAKERS

Information has come to us that certain individuals claiming to be Brotherhood men are working for Albert J. Beveridge, candidate for United States Senator from Indiana, and these individuals or any other Brotherhood or Union members, who may be contemplating a course of this kind, might as well understand that their support of Beveridge and men like him will mean that they will be classed with strike breakers in the estimation of all honest wage earners who know of their perfidy.

The severity of this threat can be understood only by those who are familiar with the loathing and contempt in which strike breakers are held by professional labor leaders and the merciless way in which they are treated.

It is this kind of intensified and unreasoning class spirit which caused the leaders of the Russian workers to anathematize a dictatorship and then to set up one of their own, to rebel against military oppression and then to create a military despotism, to advocate freedom of the press and then to throttle it when their time came, to plead the cause of the laboring man and then to make him a voiceless, helpless conscripted toiler in a condition approximating peonage.

And this is the lesson for the sensible American working-man—the danger of following off after leaders who call themselves progressive, but who are, in every sense, reactionary, who hastily propose to throw into the discard the best Government the world ever saw, who seek to set up physical force above the law, and whose programme, according to all human precedents, would plunge our country into the depths of poverty, crime, misery and despair.

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This radical movement to manipulate a bloc vote in the two political parties so as to control both will have to be met by intelligent, patriotic and non-partisan action upon the part of the great conservative-progressive element of the country. It will require a show of strength to prevent time-serving politicians from prostrating themselves before this pretentious class array. The term "conservative-progressive" is used advisedly. The majority of the adherents of both political parties may be aptly characterized as progressives, who earnestly desire to see the country advance socially and industrially, but who want such progress conservatively and safely negotiated without any radical changes in our form of government. This is the kind of progress that gains ground and then holds it.

No worse mistake can be made than to assume an attitude of smug contentment with the existing order and of nervous irritation toward all who offer to change it.

Let us charge up the Radicalism that is extant in our country to three causes, namely: the miasma that has floated across the sea from Europe; the inherent restlessness of certain types of men who always magnify the ills around them; and, most important of all, the fact that the gigantic growth of modern industrialism has created inequalities and injustices that call for readjustment. To this latter task, thinking men must address themselves and that with alacrity.

No word here written is intended to discourage the aspirations of laboring men for the betterment of the condition of themselves and their dependents. The standards of living for the worker have constantly moved forward in our Republic. This process must continue, and, in an organized and collective way, labor must strive for its furtherance. It is a consummation, however, that cannot be attained by force nor accelerated by the legerdemain of political wonder-workers.

BEN W. HOOPER.

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RUSSIAN POLICY IN THE FAR EAST

BY ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

TODAY Soviet Russia is playing an old game with new cards. The technique of her diplomacy in the Far East is novel; but the policy has much that is familiar. If Count Witte and M. Izvolsky were alive today they would thoroughly appreciate the difficulties which confront Comrad Joffe, the Russian Soviet envoy at Pekin. Indeed there is the same old endeavor to influence Chinese officialdom; and the combination of threats and cajolery launched by Joffe's press bureau is reminiscent of Czarist diplomacy.

The Mongolian problem is in a condition even more uncertain than it was in the days of Izvolsky and Sazonov, 1911–15; and the control and use of the Chinese Eastern Railway present difficulties that were well known to Witte in the heyday of the Russo-Asiatic Bank. Once more Siberian affairs are entirely in the hands of Moscow and the Japanese are out of the mainland. The Grand Dukes would, therefore, rejoice with Trotsky over the return of "our own Russian city of Vladivostok". Meanwhile as regards Inner Mongolia, Manchuria, the control of Northern Sakhalin, and economic concessions, there is the same sort of uncertain bargaining that marked older Russian diplomacy in its relation to Japan on other occasions.

There is not, of course, a mere repetition of events and policies in the Far East today. New elements in the situation and new methods both at Moscow and at Tokio are also involved. A bare catalogue of these must suffice. The revolution in Russia, Allied intervention in Siberia, the prolonged Japanese occupation, the brief life of the Far Eastern Republic, civil disturbances in China, the Washington Conference, and the preaching of the gospel of unrest throughout Asia, have all combined to introduce novel factors. Indeed, if new Soviet diplomacy could be taken at its full face value there would be some reason to suppose that the Far East was confronting strange and unknown problems.

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Certainly the manifesto of the Moscow Government in July, 1919, addressed to "the Ministers, Civil Governors, Bureaus, and People of the Chinese Republic", had a new diplomatic flavor. With very important qualifications its principles have recently been reaffirmed by Joffe at Pekin. This appeal of Moscow in 1919 came at a time when Chinese public opinion had been affronted by the Allied decision as to Shantung at Paris. Apparently "self-determination" did not extend to Asia, and "secret treaties" had the right of way over the "Fourteen Points". In the Versailles Treaty each of the Allied Powers had set out to secure for itself all that was possible. In short it was a policy with which the Chinese had long been familiar in their dealings with European States and with Westernized Japan. Then from Moscow came a new doctrine in language that plain men could understand.

The Soviet Government declared that "all people, no matter whether their nations are great or small, no matter where they live, no matter at what time they may have lost their independence, should have their independence and self-government and not submit to being bound by other nations". All secret treaties were specifically denounced; and a new basis of negotiation between Russia and China was proposed as follows:

1. The territory seized by the former Imperial Russian Government to be returned to you. . . .

2. The Russian Government will restore to the sovereignty of China the Chinese Eastern Railway and the mines and forests appropriated by the former Imperial Russian Government, and it will not ask one cent therefor. . . .

3. This Government will not accept the Boxer indemnity payments. . . .

4. The special privileges for Russian subjects established by the former Imperial Russian Government and China are null and void. All extraterritorial privileges are also cancelled. . . .

5. In addition to the matters noted above, all agreements made by the former Russian Imperial Government, acting independently or with Japan, or with the Entente Powers, with the envoys of China, in which there are unfair points, will be null and void.

This certainly was sweeping charity. To the Chinese it sounded like a new diplomatic Magna Carta. On the one hand was the recent Treaty of Versailles which placed Japanese control

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paramount in Shantung. On the other was this generous proposal from Moscow. Under the circumstances it was not surprising that this document had a great influence on Chinese public opinion, particularly as the hated extraterritorial privileges were abandoned by the Soviet Government. The experience of the next three years, however, was to modify seriously the effect of this manifesto. Especially did the course of events and Soviet policy as to Mongolia give pause.

Furthermore, for Chinese officials at Pekin there was the difficult matter of a published letter from Chicherin, the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, addressed in the previous March to Sun Yat-sen, the rebel leader of the Canton Government. This document, as printed in the *Izvestia*, the official gazette of the Soviet Government at Moscow, hailed Sun Yat-sen as the "leader of the Chinese Revolution at the head of Chinese democracy against the Northern Chinese and foreign imperialistic governments of oppression". The appeal of Moscow to Canton called upon "our Chinese brothers" to join in a "common struggle" at a time when the Pekin Government "is the puppet of foreign bankers". Under such circumstances the authorities at Pekin were content "to wait and see".

Meanwhile here and there began the infiltration of revolutionary propaganda into China from the Communist Internationale at Moscow, a body whose interlocking directorate with the Soviet Government was notorious. First at Shanghai in May, 1919, the police found some Bolshevist literature; and later under the Oriental titles of the *Almanac of Enlightenment* and the *Precious Mirror of the Workers* attempts were made to spread Communist doctrines in China.

The fact that the Bolshevist experiment was first of all planned as a remedy for the ills of Western industrial society, that many of its notions ran directly counter to fundamental Chinese concepts of society, and that the essential conservatism of China was poor soil for these strange, Western ideas of revolution, were all factors which inclined many observers in China to laugh at some of these crude attempts to stir the Chinese to revolt.

Gradually, however, the character and type of Bolshevist propaganda in the Far East altered. The earlier appeals had

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been in the dialect of the proletarian revolution. The later attempts aimed to make use of anti-foreign sentiment to draw all nationalist agitation to the bosom of the Communist Internationale. An attempt was made even to utilize anti-Christian feeling in an attack on "foreign capitalists who are aiming at enslaving Chinese millions under the shield of Christianity". A variation of this method was the insertion among the pages of copies of the Gospel of St. Luke, in Chinese, of Bolshevist leaflets, evidently written by an accomplished Chinese scholar.

Joffe himself has maintained a press bureau ever since his arrival at Pekin last August. At a dinner to Chinese journalists he proclaimed the rôle of a triumphant Soviet Russia, destined in the future to support weaker countries politically and economically. The common interests of China and of Russia lay, therefore, in their struggle for national and economic independence. Moreover, in educated Chinese circles there is at present opportunity for this sort of talk to win a hearing. At the National University in Pekin are professors and students to whom the appeals of the Soviet envoy are not unwelcome. Many Chinese students are suffering from a ferment of ill-digested, Western philosophies which have been too hastily swallowed. Add to this a natural sophomoric burst of hurried nationalism, and the result is explosive.

Across this uncertain trail of agitation there comes now a more definite issue. This lies in the assumption by Soviet Russia of a Mongolian policy that runs closely parallel to that adopted by Czarist Russia. This is also serving to bring to the test the various professions of sympathy and good will for China which have hitherto marked the Russian Soviet campaign.

Mongolia lies as a huge border province separating organized China from Siberia. Inner Mongolia had already been divided by a line drawn to separate Russian from Japanese spheres of influence by a secret Russo-Japanese treaty of 1912. Outer Mongolia, with its long western boundary coterminous with Siberia, had gradually become a region where the interests of three nations met. The Mongols now faced the dangers of foreign control from two sides. On the one hand was the steady encroachment year by year of patient Chinese agricul-

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turists who were pushing forward into the pastoral lands of Mongolia. The Chinese Government sought also to assert its suzerain authority at Urga. There a Living Buddha, incarnate with the virtues of his predecessors, reigned with the tacit support of the great Dalai Lama of Lhassa. On the other hand were the restless Russians eager to trade and ready to fight.

Moreover, in such a situation there was also involved the ever important element of Oriental prestige. What happened in remote Mongolia was resilient throughout the Far East. Mongolian affairs had been simmering since 1881, when a Russo-Chinese treaty had given the Russians valuable rights of economic penetration into Mongolia, of which they had not been slow to avail themselves. This policy later involved disputes with Chinese traders in Mongolia. Then came the Chinese revolution of 1911. Immediately the Hutukhtu or Living Buddha at Urga declared his independence as Emperor of Outer Mongolia. In the dispute which followed between Urga and Pekin the Russians saw their opportunity.

An agreement of 1912 between Russia and Mongolia pledged Russian assistance to maintain Mongolian autonomy. This at once stirred deep resentment in China where "autonomy" was taken to mean independence. This was remedied in part by a Russo-Chinese agreement of 1913 in which Russia specifically recognized the suzerainty of China over Outer Mongolia. There followed a tripartite treaty of 1915 by which China and Russia agreed to refrain from interference with the internal administration of Outer Mongolia, the suzerainty of China was acknowledged by Mongolia, and Russia's right to free trade in Outer Mongolia was confirmed. In particular Mongolia was not to negotiate political treaties with foreign Powers and China was to consult with Russia and Mongolia as to political and territorial questions. The result was a sort of rough joint protectorate by Russia and China over Outer Mongolia.

This arrangement naturally endured a severe test during the long period of disorder and civil war in Siberia which ensued on the Russian revolution and on Allied intervention, 1917–1920. In 1919, however, the Chinese republic ended this agreement by formally including Outer Mongolia within Chinese territory.

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This was followed by the irruption into Mongolia of the civil disorder which was devastating Siberia. Bands of Russian counter-revolutionists, who it was asserted received secret Japanese support, made Urga a base for attack on Soviet Russia and its satellite, the Far Eastern Republic. Both Mongolian and Chinese authorities were helpless before this outbreak of war. From a military point of view the Soviet authorities felt compelled to intervene in Mongolia with the result that these counter-revolutionary forces were partially dispersed.

The Chinese Government, however, had immediately protested against action which it claimed was a violation of national sovereignty. In part to meet this protest and in part because of a line of policy already shown in other parts of Asia, the Soviet Government then assisted in the organization on its own territory of forces which were to establish at Urga a new Mongolian Government. This styled itself the People's Revolutionary Government of Mongolia. Backed by Soviet troops this new organization now claimed to speak for all of Outer Mongolia. In reality Urga became an outpost of Moscow. Under these circumstances a fresh agreement between Soviet Russia and the revolutionary authorities at Urga declared on November 5, 1921, that all previous treaties "have become null and void owing to the new state of affairs in both countries". In this treaty, which recognized the Revolutionary Government as "the only legal Government in Mongolia", China was not even mentioned. Meanwhile the Soviet press is loud in its praise of the new State; and Mongolian diplomatic representatives at Moscow proclaim their friendship with Soviet Russia. They also maintain that "no treaties, neither political nor economic, nor of any other kind, exist between China and Mongolia".

This is the situation which now confronts the new Soviet envoy, in his attempts at Pekin to negotiate a trade agreement and to secure recognition from China. In repeated notes he has demanded that "White Guard" bands should be broken up in Manchuria, that a commission of inquiry be appointed to deal with the Chinese Eastern Railway, and that tariff questions should be discussed. In the mean time Soviet troops are to remain at Urga. In reply the Chinese Foreign Office has insisted

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that, as a preliminary to any negotiations, Russian troops should be entirely withdrawn from Outer Mongolia. Here matters are at a dead-lock.

Under such circumstances the claims of Soviet Russia to a voice in the affairs of the Chinese Eastern Railway have received only a preliminary hearing. In general, however, they rest on the assertion that by decree of the Bolshevist Government railways were nationalized in 1918 as was also the Russo-Asiatic Bank. Consequently the five million rubles of railway shares held by that bank became State property. Furthermore, since by the railway decree of 1896 the shares of the Chinese Eastern Railway were to be held jointly by Russia and China, if the Russo-Asiatic Bank is really a French corporation it cannot hold the railway shares in any case.

These contentions raise at once the full meaning of the famous declaration of renunciation of rights in China on the part of the Soviet Government first made in 1919. It is here that some of the important qualifications appear, for in a recent note Joffe points out that by that declaration Russia—

> renounced the predatory and violent policy of the Czar's government and promised to renounce those rights which had accrued to Russia from this policy. But firstly, until all these questions will have been settled by a free accord between Russia and China, Russia's rights in China will not have lost their strength, and secondly, that declaration did not at all annul Russia's local and just interests in China.
>
> In particular, for instance, even if Russia vests in the Chinese people her title to the Chinese Eastern Railway, this will not annul Russia's interests in this line which is a portion of the Great Siberian Railway and unites one part of the Russian territory with another.

The note concludes with the threat that, if the Chinese Government continues to ignore Russian interests, Russia will "consider herself free from those promises which she has voluntarily given". Whatever view may be taken as to the legal questions involved, this note appears to modify the manifesto of 1919. To this frank statement of policy and interpretation can be added the gossip of responsible people, friendly to Soviet Russia, who say that in these negotiations with China the Soviet Foreign Office is urging the right to move troops along the line of the Chinese Eastern Railway in case of any emergency. On the

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whole, therefore, Soviet diplomacy as regards China, whether from the point of view of Communist propaganda, of Mongolia, or of railway matters, threatens a vigorous return to an active Russian policy.

One reason for this energy lies in the complete return of Russian sovereignty in Siberia as exercised from Moscow. In spite of the break up of the Chang Chun conference between Japan, the Far Eastern Republic, and Soviet Russia last September, the Japanese Government kept to its scheduled promise and withdrew its last troops from the mainland of Siberia by the end of October. That Conference came to grief, nominally, over the question of Japanese withdrawal from Northern Sakhalin.

In the mean time preparations were made for the formal reassertion of Russian authority throughout the entire territory of the Far Eastern Republic. We can recall the doubts expressed during the Washington Conference as to the stability of that Government and as to the reality of its independence from Moscow. Toward the end of October various Social Revolutionary leaders, those arch enemies of the Bolsheviki, who had fancied themselves secure at Chita, were arrested and conveyed to Western Siberia. A fortnight later, the flag of the Far Eastern Republic had almost disappeared from the streets of Chita. Everywhere the flag of Moscow was flying. Then painlessly, almost overnight, the Assembly at Chita voted all power to a new revolutionary committee which was to be directed by Moscow. In this fashion the realities of the situation became plain, for in foreign affairs the Far Eastern Republic was a mere temporary substitute for Soviet Russia. At all events there was now no longer a chance that the Far Eastern Republic as such might be the open door by which indirect negotiations between Moscow and the outside world could be carried on. In the future Tokio, Pekin, or possibly even Washington, would know with whom to negotiate as to Siberian affairs and as to Russian interests in the Far East. Moscow ruled once more on the open shores of the Pacific.

In the remaining questions as to the continued Japanese occupation of Northern Sakhalin and the adjustment of Japanese economic policies in Siberia there is much to be done.

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Certainly the original demands of Japan made at the Dairen Conference in 1921 have been modified. Then under seventeen headings the Japanese proposed to utilize their military position at Vladivostok to win extensive economic privileges and to secure the permanent destruction of the military and naval power of Russia along the Pacific Coast.

This policy has now been revised. The obstinacy with which these proposals were opposed by the Far Eastern Republic and changes in the policy of the present cabinet at Tokio cleared the way for Japanese withdrawal from Vladivostok without conditions. This decision is in direct contrast to the gloomy forecasts of anti-Japanese propagandists during the Washington Conference. It is in accord with other changes of method which are now marking Japanese policy in the Far East.

Last June in an article in *The New York Times* I used the phrase, "Japan is looking for an occasion to withdraw from Siberia." The hope was then expressed of the gradual conviction on the part of Japan that "sound Japanese policy is based on a whole-hearted international coöperation for peace". Today after more than six months that hope is much brighter. The general purposes of Japanese policy undoubtedly remain the same; but the methods are altering.

In the face of temptation to intervene in Chinese affairs, the Japanese are watchfully waiting in the hope that out of the present confused struggle of men and parties in China the opportunity may come for them to win a better opening to Chinese resources and Chinese markets. Indeed, if Japan succeeds in gaining the friendship of China, the result may be much more important for the United States than if Japanese policies had continued to be an increasing menace to Chinese political integrity.

In view of these facts the future relations of Japan and Soviet Russia are of utmost importance. On the whole Japanese opinion is hopeful but somewhat perplexed. Russia insists on the evacuation of Northern Sakhalin. Japan remains firm on the plea that compensation for the massacre of Japanese at Nikolaievsk must be settled first. In reality the Conference at Chang Chun broke up fully as much on the issue of a general

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trade agreement to which Soviet Russia was to be a party. Thus the whole matter broadens to a problem with which the United States is familiar. Is Japan to go on to a *de jure* recognition of Soviet Russia? At present she is not inclined to do so, though the action of other countries might have decided effect on her policy in this respect.

Throughout the last year the Soviet official press has viewed the situation in the Far East with increasing interest. The Washington Conference was a profound disappointment to the Soviet Government, because neither Russia nor the Far Eastern Republic won an entrance and also because the United States and Japan came to a friendly understanding. During the Genoa Conference there was strong approval of Chicherin's warning to Japan that an attack on the Far Eastern Republic would mean war by Soviet Russia. As the plans for the Chang Chun Conference matured a friendly tone appeared. Instead of denunciation of Japan as an enemy of both Soviet Russia and China there was amicable discussion of the benefits each might derive from trade.

Naturally with the break up of the Chang Chun Conference there were protests against the continuation of Japan in Northern Sakhalin; but as compared with previous outbursts the Soviet press was mild. In short, the impression gains that officially Russia is trying to play Japan against China and, as negotiations with China stumble badly over Mongolia, there may be a turn toward more friendly relations with Japan. The same holds true of Sun Yat-sen and the Pekin Government. The policy of Moscow is "to play both ends against the middle." Of course the reverse might also be true if circumstances should change.

However, from the outset of the Bolshevik régime in Russia both the Soviet Government and the Communist Internationale have paid a vast amount of attention to Asiatic affairs. There has developed a steadfast determination that Russia should once more play a dominant rôle in Asia. At present Soviet authorities are playing to the gallery of radical Young China. At the same time they are voicing historical plans and desires for influence and power. Opportunist in method, Russia aims to "come back" in the Far East.

ALFRED L. P. DENNIS.

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THE PROBLEM OF THE PACIFIST

BY MAJOR SHERMAN MILES, U. S. A.

THE pacifist does not quite fit into the picture. Considering the times, one would suppose that the world should lie repentant and chastened before him, that he should be everywhere acceptable in men's eyes. There should be no turning away from him. And yet, at the Burial of the Unknown Dead, President Harding made it clear that he spoke "not as a pacifist fearing war, but as one who loves justice and hates war".

This remark of the President throws a strong light on a strange situation. The world today worships peace, but denies the pacifist. In the least belligerent of nations, among a peace-loving people, a word which merely means the advocacy of peace has been perverted in common use into something not far from an insult when applied to the average man. We praise peace, arbitration, conciliation, disarmament. We denounce war and all its works. Its horrors nauseate us, and its taxes irritate. But we do not call ourselves pacifists.

In part, this has come about through the fact that words do not convey precise definitions, but mental impressions. The real pacifists are under false lights. During the war many slackers hid behind them, and the mental impression of the slacker is not pleasant. Then there is the mental picture of that otherwise estimable person who has the misfortune to ride as a hobby a panacea for all the world's ills in which we do not happen to believe. And sometimes there have been strange individuals, perhaps a trifle indeterminant as to sex, who have loudly proclaimed weird and fantastic visions to an harassed world.

But these are small matters in the great movement towards peace. A word may be twisted here or there, but an idea drives on. "Gothic" at first was the word of scorn for the architecture of the Goths, the barbarians. Later it was enshrined at Chartres and at Rheims. The thing of importance lies not in the nuance of the word, but in what the pacifists are doing.

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II

What are they doing? Their activities center in their peace societies. There are some 35 of these societies in the United States—at least that is the best estimate obtainable, for strange to say there are no accurate lists of them even in the central peace bureaus in Washington. These societies publish 12 magazines, besides a great many pamphlets and leaflets. Their membership and affiliations are very large. Three of them have endowments totaling $13,000,000. Others enjoy large donations and subscriptions. Many are affiliated with the churches, and represent practically all denominations in America. Besides our 35 peace societies, there are 12 in Germany, 16 in France, 38 in the British Empire and 59 in the other countries of the world—and these figures do not include numerous organizations in all countries which advocate peace in connection with other matters—civic, labor, socialist, free trade societies, etc., etc. In short, the peace societies contain many thousands of people organized "to seek peace and ensue it", and they command a combined capital of many millions of dollars. Within themselves they have the brains and the means which should give them great power, particularly as they are fighting a most unpopular institution, war.

The question naturally arises, how are they using their power? What are their plans?

Pacifism is not a growth of yesterday, and one might expect that there would be a fairly definite statement of aims, a plan for the maintenance of international peace which the various societies were in general agreed upon and prepared to present, as a united body, to the world. But there is no such programme. There are, instead, many programmes.

Here again a surprise awaits the layman in pacifism who attempts to delve into its mysteries, for not even in Washington can there be found any concise summary of these programmes, any digest of the various currents of pacific thought. The only thing that approaches such a summary is a British Foreign Office pamphlet of 1919, evidently prepared for the use of the British Delegation to the Paris Peace Conference.

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But the various American peace societies publish statements of their own aims—statements which vary in precision from fairly specific and detailed plans to vague generalities of beneficent hope.

From these statements it would appear that the pacifists may be classified as follows, according to their different trends of thought:

1. Those who place their main emphasis on religion and benevolence—on the growth of good-will between men and nations.

2. Those who stress disarmament.

3. Those whose principal advocacy lies in opening the doors of peaceful adjustment—the doors of arbitration, conciliation and international courts of justice. They emphasize the importance of the codification of international law, and of greater respect and scope for it. They also advocate improving the international machinery of arbitration and conciliation.

4. Those who emphasize the closing of the door of war as a means of settling a dispute. They advocate various forms of international leagues intended to prevent, by force if necessary, a resort to arms.

5. Those who approach a federation of nations, not only to prevent war but also to exercise federated control over such possible causes of war as trade routes, immigration and discriminatory legislation.

There are a few (principally in groups 1 and 2) who advocate non-resistance in war. There are also some who advocate free trade and the prohibition of the private manufacture of munitions—both as peace measures. There are many who believe that, after an international issue has been raised, a specific period of time should elapse before war may be declared; but they are far from any agreement as to what may be done during that period, or whether or how the delay should be enforced. The most common ground of agreement among the different schools lies in their advocacy of international bodies of adjustment—courts or councils or conferences. But they differ as the poles in their ideas on the permanency, organization and jurisdiction of these bodies, the obligations of the nations towards them, and the enforcement of their decisions.

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III

There is, then, no one doctrine of pacifism. There is no real accord among the pacifists, except that they all want peace. But what of the peace societies, taken as individual organizations? Surely they have made serious studies on the causes of war, and on these studies based their conclusions as to the proper cure? It would seem that they must have done this in order to have obtained a foundation for their work, even if their studies led them to divergent conclusions. Let us see what they have done along these lines.

One great peace society, on receiving its endowment, drew up for itself an agenda of work and wrote into the first item of that agenda the "thorough and scientific investigation and study of the causes of war". This work was assigned to a department of the society devoted to economics and history, and counting among its members statesmen, historians and economists, as well as professors of the following universities: Columbia, Wisconsin, London, Oxford, Liverpool, Glasgow, Paris, Ghent, Vienna, Turin, Pisa, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Leyden, Geneva and Kioto. During the past eleven years this department expended well over half a million dollars. In short, men and means have both been employed.

Ten books and twenty-four pamphlets have been published by this department, the result of its eleven years' work. But all the pamphlets are *Preliminary Studies of the War* (1914–18). They do not concern themselves with the causes of that war or any other. Some of their titles are: *Financial History of Great Britain, 1914–18; British War Administration, Influence of the Great War Upon Shipping, War Thrift, British Labor Conditions and Legislation During the War, Negro Migration During the War, Government War Contracts.* Nine of the ten books published deal with the general subjects of industry, commerce and finance, with casualties in war and military pensions, with existing tariff policies and with conscription in Japan; but none of these subjects are studied as possible causes of war—obviously several of them are effects of war. Only one of the ten books faintly suggests a study of the

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causes of war. It was written by "A Diplomatist", and turns out to be an essay on two minor Balkan wars.

When one considers all the blood that has been shed in war and all that has been written and said about it, it seems strange indeed that the germ-essence of the thing should boil down to that one anonymous volume, recounting the dull stories of two almost forgotten wars. And as for the economic studies, the one thing about them that strikes a soldier is that they throw no light on the causes or prevention of war, but that they would be most useful guides to any government *while waging war.*

Equally sketchy has been the work done on the "thorough and scientific investigation and study" of the "practical methods to prevent and avoid" war that was also called for in the basic work programme of this same research department. It is true that the society itself is concerned largely with the possibilities of avoiding war through the growth of willing and unenforced compliance with international law and equity. But one searches the publications of the society in vain for even a survey of the "practical methods to prevent" war.

This general attitude on the question is shared by another great peace society, the oldest one in the world. They have made no study of the causes of war. They firmly believe in the policy of non-committal to any programme of war suppression, or even of the elimination of war causes save through the general education of men and of nations towards reason and law rather than towards belligerency.

So it would appear that at least two of the greatest of the peace societies, the two probably best fitted for research and planning, have made no real attempt to study the causes of war, and (perhaps for that reason) have no definite plans for combating it beyond the teaching of respect for law and justice. Stranger still, these two societies appear to know of no peace organization anywhere that has ever studied the causes of war scientifically. A search in the Library of Congress reveals but one such study by any peace society, and that consists in a compilation of individual theses written by five members of an English Quaker Meeting during the war.

The disarmamentist school of pacifism, though perhaps more

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definite in its aims, is also given to generalities rather than to basic study. There is a central committee, or "clearing house of national organizations", on armament reduction which publishes a concise statement of their programme. They urge participation in the International Court at the Hague, the prohibition of the private manufacture of munitions and the ratification of the treaties of Washington. Above all, armament reduction is advocated "as a proof of our national good faith and to meet our economic requirements". "Economic pressure throughout the world," they insist, "will compel every nation to follow suit." This is all very well: but still the real question remains unanswered: What relation does armament or disarmament bear to the causes of war? Even supposing proof were needed of our national good faith, to what extent would the proof they seem to think necessary—the reduction of our armaments far below the point stipulated in the Washington Conference—tend to eliminate or minimize the chances of war?

It would be interesting to know whether we are advised to reduce our armaments because they are unnecessary in a peaceful world already made safe for pacifism, or because armaments themselves lead to war. But unfortunately the truth of the matter is that the pacifists have made no scientific study of the equilibrium of international peace or of the causes of war, and cannot tell us with any precision what relation armaments may bear to either of them.

IV

Can it be that the horrors of war so fascinate the imagination of the peace societies that they have no curiosity about its causes and functions? A few men in various walks of life, equipped with limited means of research, have sought to base their individual reasoning on pacifism on the bed-rock of cause and function; but the peace societies appear to feel no need for such a basis. Yet the question of the causes of war, of its motivation, is not an academic one. It is very practical. The basis of cure is the knowledge of cause. We would not hold in high regard a doctor who ignored the study of both cause and cure of a disease and concentrated entirely on teaching that it could be avoided by

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following certain rules of right living. Yet that, in essence, is what the majority of the pacifists are doing. It must be said for them that war is probably more avoidable that way than is disease. Regardless of cause or cure, when we eliminate the will-to-war we will eliminate war. But can we afford to wait so long?

Furthermore, in concentrating on the avoidance of war through good will and ignoring the study of its causes, the pacifists throw overboard the whole idea of prevention by foresight. What have they done in the past towards foreseeing the dangers they would avert? What pacifist organization had sufficiently clear knowledge of the equilibrium of peace in Europe in the years before 1914 to foresee and to work against the crash that came?

Pacifism, organized and active, was then on the crest of the wave, rejoicing in the two Hague Conferences and preparing for another. The World War broke very suddenly, but not without distinct warnings—Morocco, Agadir, the great German military tax of 1913, etc. It seems difficult to imagine that the peace societies of that day could have been blind to the underlying causes of war and to the warning symptoms. And yet, if they had any real understanding of the war causes in the situation then developing, why were they so silent about them, why were they caught so unprepared? The fact is they had little inkling of what was going on. Leaders in pacifism have admitted as much. And I remember hearing Dr. David Starr Jordan say in the summer of 1914, while he was in the Balkans studying the result of the wars there, that not only would there be no general European war, but that there could be no such war.

It is not to be expected that the pacifists should go about prophesying wars. The rôle of the jingo is not theirs. But how are they to deal with war and peace intelligently unless they constantly study the balance of peace as the international situation changes, unless they know the causes of war and can recognize its symptoms? Theirs is not an easy task, and not by any means confined to Europe and America. They failed in their estimate of the situation in Europe in 1914, and they will find the much more complicated situation of the world today, with its Islamism and Bolshevism and Orientalism and intensified nation-

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alism, still more difficult to judge accurately. But what is there to do but to try, if they would apply even an ounce of prevention to the disease of war?

V

I do not want to draw an unfair picture. If the general impression of the pacifist involves any idea of insincerity, of supine peace-at-any-price, of disloyalty to the Government or even lack of support in war, it is a very mistaken impression. The pacifists as a group probably assay very high in character. The strength of their moral conviction of right cannot be doubted. They have done some excellent work. The majority of their societies have constantly supported international conferences and congresses, and have advocated for many years the recently established Permanent Court of International Justice. They are great believers in the acceptance and codification of international law. So far as their work has gone, they may well be proud of it. They are undoubtedly worthy organizations of good citizens advocating something in which, fundamentally, every decent man and woman believes.

But they stand confused before the issue and the opportunity. In reading one of their recent journals I was struck by an editorial bemoaning the current opinion on pacifism, and ending: "Would that some thoughtful person might arise to explain what it is in these days of heroic effort for the establishment of international peace that leads men to 'see red' when they hear the word 'pacifism'." Does it take so much thoughtfulness to explain this? The plain truth is that there is no heroic effort on the part of the peace societies, the obvious leaders of pacifism. Heroic effort would mean coördinated power; hard, scientific study; sound plans based on that study; and finally a long, aggressive fight based on those plans. It would mean getting together, getting to work and getting things done. There is no heroic effort about this advocacy of a negative idea, this idea of renunciation, this plea that man should forswear and deny himself, willingly and without compulsion, his ancient indulgence of war.

The pacifist might well reflect on Prohibition. For well over seventy years the Prohibitionists labored to persuade us to give

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up drinking liquor. That was the negative period of their campaign—"Don't do this—give it up." Did they persuade the individual man and woman to give it up? They did not. (If there is any lingering doubt about this the boot-legger and the home-brewer will dispel it.) What the Prohibitionists did do (and this alone brought them success) was to launch a positive campaign which in the end prevented the public and open manufacture and importation of liquor. No one doubts that their negative campaign, their educational campaign on the evils of liquor, was useful for a time. But it did not carry the day. It only gave them a position from which they could launch their positive, aggressive campaign for legal inhibition and enforcement. That alone brought them success, such as it is.

Now, the modern pacifist is much better off than the Prohibitionist ever was. The world today is far more persuaded of the evils of war than is even dry America of the evils of drink. The pacifist already holds a position, a willing world behind him, from which he can make a positive drive. And yet, taken as a whole, he busies himself with his negative campaign, and his great and powerful peace societies refuse to commit themselves to any positive plans of attack.

The time for the negative campaign of pacifism is not now. Even in the future its value may be doubtful. Each generation learns for itself, very largely; certainly it does not accept from the preceding one an abhorrence of war. Youth inexperienced in war does not visualize it, any more than you or I visualize the famine in Russia. On the contrary, the next generation, like all preceding generations reared in peace, will be influenced by the excitement, the adventure and the glory of war. We flatter ourselves if we think we can make our children see war as we see it. Did we accept so dutifully the beatific admonitions of our forbears to avoid the wickedness of war? Rather did we not remember the great things they told us their wars had accomplished? For wars are, in William James's phrase, "the romance of history," the great experiences, the turning points of national life. We date from them; our lives in so many ways turn on them. How can the stimulant of those great crises fail to react on red-blooded youth?

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If in the next two decades the peace societies wipe out the stigma attached to "pacifism", if their leadership brings into being political machinery or combinations against war so tangible as to command the respect of the next generation, they may well talk of the evils of war to a world that knows it not. But now is the time to get something done. All the preachings of the pacifists against war will help them not one whit with the coming generation. The negation of war as an evil, as a "don't", is not needed today; tomorrow it will be forgotten or ignored unless in the mean time some machinery capable of some sort of war prevention or suppression be built up and put in motion.

VI

I wonder that Prohibition does not teach another lesson to the pacifists—the stark, glaring difference between the law that is enforceable and the law that rests only upon willing obedience. Perhaps in time to come all men and women may be brought to abide by Prohibition. But even the most ardent Prohibitionist admits that that happy condition of affairs can be brought about only after the State has curbed the disobedience of a large number of people over a long period of time. Meanwhile Prohibition exhibits the clear distinction between the enforceable law—the law that can and does close the saloon and the distillery—and the unenforceable law that cannot altogether suppress home brew.

Back of all the technical discussion (of which the legal pacifists are rather fond) on the sanctions of international law, there is this fundamental difficulty about the individual, be that individual a person or a state. In his own mind or in his congresses assembled he may vote the reform—"never again" on drink or war or whatever it may be—but after that he needs watching. He needs watching even if he devises and establishes machinery to prevent his own backsliding in the future. He needs much more watching if he leaves the matter solely to his own conscience and strength of will.

Surely it is not necessary to labor this point in a country so prone to the breaking of law as is ours. Nor are we alone in our experience, for men in all the ages have striven to be

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good through the virtue of self-control, and have never found that virtue altogether adequate.

One must suppose that the pacifists recognize this fundamental difficulty in abolishing war among individual and independent nations. Certainly many of them do. But the interesting thing is that they do not agree on whether the difficulty is surmountable, and, if it is, on how it can best be overcome. We find among the pacifists those who plan to curb recalcitrance in individual states in various ways—the League to Enforce Peace and the World Peace Foundation, for instance. On the other hand, we find peace societies apparently working on the idea that the preservation of peace must be left solely to the self-restraint of the individual states—the American Peace Society and the Church Peace Union, for example.

It is between these two stools that the pacifists fall. They will not unite behind a plan devised to restrain the evil doer, nor will they agree among themselves that the evil doer cannot be restrained save by his own conscience. Obviously it will not do for the pacifist to avoid this issue by saying that some form of international coöperation to ensure peace may be possible in the future, but that the world is not yet ready for it. It is the pacifist who should be ready for it—and is not ready. If a guaranteed peace is possible at all, it is the pacifist who should see it. He should visualize the whole problem, and his plans should carry through, step by step, to the decisive result. The world, seared and sceptical, may not be ready for it. Only a part of the plan, only a limited objective, may be obtainable for the present. But the plan as a whole should be worked out. For who is leading this fight for peace, the world or the pacifist?

VII

Lest I be thought unfair in my contention that pacifism, at least in its peace societies, lacks pragmatism, let me quote some remarks made about two years ago by ex-Senator Root to the trustees of a peace society which he heads:

> We are impressed by the inadequacy of everything that is being attempted, the League of Nations, Supreme Council, peace societies—the inadequacy of

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it all is the great fact we have to deal with; and, if any of you can think of anything, why for God's sake let's have it. We are beating around on the mere surface of things, and by "we" I do not mean this organization; I mean governments. What has been done hitherto is a mere attempt to bind the giant with silk ribbons.

So far as ex-Senator Root's remarks applied to governments, it would seem that the success of the subsequent Conference at Washington might be an excellent object lesson to the pacifists. That success resulted from definite plans to accomplish definite objects. It was very much like the military proposition of the limited objective, the capture and consolidation of a definite objective within the limits of the possibilities prescribed by limited military powers. Just so much was accomplished at Washington as turned out to be within the limits of the present possibilities of international negotiations. And nothing at all would have been accomplished had there not been a clear recognition of those possibilities and of the definite objectives which might lie within them. In other words, the Conference succeeded because it had studied its problem and its possibilities beforehand, and because it had set itself definite objectives.

But there are no definite objectives to be gained by divergent aims founded on no basis of expert knowledge or scientific study, no clear estimate of the situation, no concerted plans, no real leadership. If the pacifists are to be leaders in the struggle for international peace, it is high time they led. And to lead it would seem to be essential that they agree; that they tell the rest of us simple folk just what causes international war and how we can eliminate those causes, or what we must do to prevent war in spite of its causes.

This is the real problem of the present day pacifists—a perfectly definite problem, though its solution means much work. It is difficult to imagine to whom they may look for a solution of their problem, unless it be to their own peace societies. Governments are changeable institutions, and are besides absorbed in their own interests, not all of which are pacific. The rest of us have neither the time nor the means. But the peace societies, one would suppose, exist solely that they may solve this problem and then lead the world into the practice of their solution.

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Alfred Fried, a Nobel Peace Prize winner, said that "peace as understood by pacifism means a condition of organized living together among nations". Note that word "organized". The "peace that passeth all understanding" is for the individual man. For men in the mass, for nations with their cumulative difficulties in intercourse, the only possible peace is an organized one based on very clear understanding.

VIII

Suppose we agree with the pacifist that "war is a disease of the body politic". Very well; what causes it? How can we eliminate those causes? If we cannot eliminate them entirely, can we, by quarantine or otherwise, prevent the spread of the disease when it breaks out? Can we, perhaps, devise some political medicine which would stamp out the disease as soon as its symptoms become evident? If so, can we persuade ourselves to take that medicine?

The pacifist might do well to work along these lines. He might look into the modern methods of dealing with a great epidemic. They consist in finding the causes of the disease, the carriers of the disease, the specifics which will ward off the disease or combat it once it makes a lodgement. They also consist in definite quarantine regulations. There are three points of interest about these methods—(1) they are all based on scientific study; (2) they are agreed upon practically unanimously by the medical profession, the leaders in disease suppression; and (3) so far as they effect the community, they do not depend on individual willingness to coöperate, but are enforced. Can the pacifists show anything like as clear and undisputed a conception of the causes and cure of war, of their "disease of the body politic"?

When the plague appeared in Manchuria in 1913 medical experts went at once to study its causes and combat its ravages. The result of their science and their positive measures (and their heroism) was the stamping out of the plague at its source. But the great plague of the fourteenth century spread unchecked to Europe, and killed a fourth of the population—some 25,000,000 people. In those days there was no effort to discover the

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cause of the Black Death, and no concerted plan to stamp it out. Church bells were rung and men were exhorted to be good. Can the peace societies discern any suggestion in this bit of history?

IX

The world is a very diverse conglomeration of peoples. Its passions and its cross-currents are numberless. Taken as a whole, it is not very intelligent, and it forgets easily. It happens at the moment to be sick of fighting, but it is impregnated with the bacilli of war. A great student of international affairs, Lord Bryce, said when at Williamstown: "This war (1914–18) has shown one unprecedented feature, painful in the prospect it opens. The victors bear as much resentment against the vanquished as the vanquished do against the victors." The Peace of 1919 has brought little peace to Europe. All Asia is acutely discontented and restless. Russia is in torment and Bolshevism.

But pacifism has a moment's respite, a lull in the storm—if it can use it. The nations are today in no mood for war; and America, the stronghold of pacific thought, is in many respects the supreme power of the world. A great opportunity is here, perhaps the greatest ever presented for constructive pacifism. The question is, what will the pacifists do in the next decade or so, before the world recovers its power to fight and the next generation comes along with its new urges and thrusts and its ignorance of war?

Will the pacifists study and plan and work in unison—or will they "beat around on the mere surface of things"? Will they really be leaders, leading mankind in a definite advance? Or will they but lead some future President of the United States to deny them before the high altar of his country?

SHERMAN MILES.

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PAN-AMERICANISM AND PAN-HISPANISM

BY DAVID Y. THOMAS

THE fifth Pan-American Conference has been called to meet in Santiago, Chile, in March. As it promises to be one of unusual importance, it will be interesting to consider what is meant by "Pan-Americanism" and to note what has already been accomplished in its name.

While the term "Pan-American" is comparatively new, the idea is not. Before the Monroe policy was proclaimed, Simon Bolivar and other patriots were working for the unification of Spanish America in the struggle for liberty. It is a mistake to assume, however, that Bolivar was an ardent Pan-American. While he took a prominent part in calling the Panama Conference of 1826, he does not seem to have manifested any desire that the United States should be represented there. He was for Pan-Hispanic Americanism. However, Colombia and Mexico invited the United States, and she finally appointed delegates, but they failed to reach Panama in time. Only a few delegates arrived, and they adjourned without accomplishing anything.

Though that first attempt at a Pan-American Conference failed, the idea back of it did not perish. Several efforts were made in the years immediately following to hold another such conference, but none succeeded. Much later, in 1881, James G. Blaine, Secretary of State, called one to meet in Washington, but it was abandoned on account of the war between Chile and Peru. However, eight years later he had the satisfaction of welcoming such a conference to Washington and of being elected to preside over it. Among the topics discussed were a customs union, uniform customs regulations, uniformity of weights and measures, a common silver coin, extradition, and the protection of patents and copyrights. Blaine's proposal for obligatory arbitration was rejected, but a treaty was signed accepting "arbitration as a principle of American international law for the settlement of all

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differences save those which, in the judgment of any one of the nations involved in the controversy, may imperil its independence". Unfortunately none of the treaties was ratified.

The second conference met in Mexico in 1901, the third in Rio de Janeiro in 1906, and the fourth in Buenos Aires in 1910. Compulsory arbitration came up again in 1901 and 1906 and was disposed of in the latter year by a recommendation that the delegates to the second Hague Conference be instructed to promote general arbitration. The question of the forcible collection of contractual debts was also referred to The Hague, which adopted a modified form of the Drago Doctrine against forcible collection. The fourth conference resulted in the change of name to Pan-American Union, with a Board of Governors composed of the Secretary of State of the United States and the Latin American Ministers resident in Washington; the renewal of the treaty for the arbitration of pecuniary claims; and provision for the exchange of university professors.

To the optimist the achievements of these conferences look large; to the pessimist they look small. In concrete results the achievements are confessedly small; in spiritual achievements they have been worth while. They did not remake the Western Hemisphere in a quarter of a century; the delegates were too wise to attempt this. But they have made a start toward the realization of Pan-Americanism. We have seen what were some of the difficulties standing in the way of this realization. A concrete illustration is found in the Monroe Doctrine. There has been little objection to the original Doctrine, but the twentieth century unilateral application of it has implanted fear and hate. In consequence there has grown up—indeed, it has always existed—in the more advanced South American States a conviction that they should be treated as equals and should share in the responsibility of carrying out the principles of the Doctrine. Ex-President Roosevelt once said: "Every such nation should itself become the sponsor and guarantor of the Doctrine; and its relations with those of the other guarantors of the Doctrine should be those of equality." When in his Mobile address President Wilson promised the Latin Americans to deal with them on terms of equality, he said that it was "a spiritual union which we seek".

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Under such auspices, it seemed, the fifth conference, called to meet in 1914, was to assemble, but it was put off on account of the Great War. Besides, there was the trouble with Huerta, military dictator of Mexico, and the proffered mediation of the A B C Powers. In accepting the offer the State Department expressed the hope that it might "prove feasible and prophetic of a new day of mutual coöperation and confidence in America". This was followed by a joint appeal to the contending factions in Mexico. While it had no effect there, it did have influence on the development of the Pan-American spirit, especially when coupled with President Wilson's recognition of the Carranza Government on the advice of the Latin American States. Unfortunately, he left two flies in the ointment, the failure to follow their lead in recognizing the Obregon Government, and his attitude toward the Gomez Government in Venezuela.

The meeting of the Pan-American Scientific Congress in Washington (1916) gave President Wilson an opportunity to state his Pan-American programme. In this address he made some statements which appear to be contradictory, yet he undoubtedly intended the later one to stand. "The Monroe Doctrine," he said, "was proclaimed by the United States on her own authority. It has always been maintained, and *always will be maintained*, upon her own authority" (italics mine). He then spoke of the fear and distrust in the minds of Latin Americans because of their uncertainty as to what the United States would do with her power. This must be removed and relations established on "foundations of amity". Two things were necessary for this. First, the United States of America and Latin American countries must unite "in guaranteeing to each other absolute political independence and territorial integrity". Second, the settlement of all disputes among themselves by arbitration, and, strange combination, the prohibition of the fitting out of revolutionary expeditions within their bounds against another State and the prohibition of the exportation of arms for revolutionists. His words were not without effect in Latin American States. It would not be fair to say that they determined the attitude of these nations when we entered the Great War,—some declared war and others maintained a more or less

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benevolent neutrality, Mexico alone maintaining a hostile neutrality,—but the head of at least one of these States, President Brum of Uruguay, was very enthusiastic in his admiration of America under Mr. Wilson's leadership.

In 1918 President Wilson used words more significant than any previously uttered. In his address to the Mexican editors (June 10) it did not look as if he thought the Monroe Doctrine would always be maintained by the United States by her own power. He defined the Doctrine as signifying: "We are going to be your big brother whether you want us to be or not." This was all very well once, but was to be no longer. Instead he proposed:

> Let us have a common guaranty that all of us will sign a declaration of political independence and territorial integrity. Let us agree that if any of us, the United States included, violates the political independence or territorial integrity of any of the others, all the others will jump on her.
>
> Now, that is the kind of agreement that will have to be the foundation of the future life of the nations of the world. The whole family of nations will have to guarantee to each nation that no nation shall violate its political independence or its territorial integrity.

Dr. Baltasar Brum, of Uruguay, had visited the United States and was undoubtedly the most ardent admirer of our institutions and of President Wilson south of the Gulf of Mexico. Shortly after he became President of Uruguay (March 1, 1920), in an address at the University of Montevideo, he formulated what some have dignified with the title "Brum Doctrine", wherein he proposed that each Latin American nation should formulate a declaration similar to that of Monroe, in which they would engage to intervene in behalf of any of them, including the United States, if, in the defense of her rights, she should find herself involved in a war with an extra-continental nation. This was to apply against the United States also, should she ever become aggressor upon a sister republic.

Mention has been made of the fact that the fifth conference was postponed indefinitely in 1914. Before adjourning the fourth conference voted that the next one should be held at Santiago and Chile was to send out the invitations, though the date of meeting is set by the Governing Board. For more than three years after the war the League of Nations and the Confer-

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ence on Limitation of Armament so monopolized the attention of the United States that the time did not seem opportune for calling the fifth conference. Besides, Chile, remembering her embarrassment at a previous conference because of a boundary dispute with Argentina, did not feel inclined to call the conference after Peru revived the long standing dispute about Tacna-Arica. However, after the mediation of Secretary Hughes and the agreement to confer in Washington, the call was issued for the assembling of the fifth conference in March, 1923.

It is the business of the Governing Board to formulate the agenda for the conference. Our old friend arbitration undoubtedly will come up, but the greater part of the time of the conference probably will be taken up with new questions, such as the relation of Latin America to the conclusions of the Washington Conference on Armaments and Pacific problems; the problem of joint action in the recognition of *de facto* and revolutionary governments, such as comes up occasionally in Mexico and the Caribbean; coöperation of the Pan-American High Commission with the Pan-American Union; the relation of Latin America to the League of Nations, and possibly the consideration of some existing disputes, such as those between Chile and Peru and between the United States and Haiti.

The Brum Doctrine also is slated for consideration by Uruguay, which proposes that an American League of Nations be formed based on the principle that encroachment by any non-American Power should "give rise to a common and uniform attitude of all the nations of America". According to President Brum, the league is to be "based upon equality of all associated countries" and is to settle all American controversies not settled by diplomacy. President Harding is thought to have given a qualified approval to such a scheme in his campaign address of August 25, 1920, when he said that "the international policy of the United States should be directed toward solidarity in international affairs with the American republics, rather than with Europe".

While the fifth Pan-American Conference promises to be one of great interest, the future of Pan-Americanism is not absolutely assured. American readers are familiar with the long drawn out controversy between the United States and Mexico over the

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question of property rights on the one side and of recognition on the other. After having made all concessions he thought possible to secure recognition, President Obregon said that there was nothing left but to follow a policy of "careful waiting". Unfortunately Mr. Summerlin, American Chargé d'Affaires, did not follow the same policy. Having secured what purported to be a copy of a bill affecting American property rights, he informed President Obregon that it would not satisfy the United States. He did this under the impression that suggestions from the United States would be welcomed, as President Obregon wanted recognition. President Obregon replied that the "honor and sovereignty of the nation" would not allow it to accept laws "which received the previous censorship of the governments of other countries". He then transmitted the correspondence to the Mexican Congress and this raised a storm which raged for two or three days and was heard from the Antarctic to the Arctic. Some think that this was staged so as to arouse resentment in the other Latin American countries and so interfere with the machinery of the fifth Pan-American Conference. Since then Mexico has declined the invitation of Chile to attend the fifth Pan-American Conference.

Another small cloud, not yet as large as a man's hand, grows out of the desire for a Pan-Hispanic America which sometimes makes itself audible. It is based partly on racial and cultural affinity, partly on fear and hatred of the Yankees. In recent years a new rival, Pan-Hispanism, has entered the field and seeks to absorb the movement for a Pan-Hispanic America. It comes out of Spain and strives for economic solidarity, with an appeal to community of race and culture.

Perhaps no one since Clay may have been quite as bold as he in laying claim to the hegemony in America, but many Latin Americans still feel that such is the spirit of the United States. To some of them "America for Americans" means America for the Americans north of the Rio Grande and the Pan-Hispanics make the most of this. In sharp contrast with this is the spirit of Spain as represented in 1917 by Juan Artiga Rubio, professor in the Central University at Madrid. In his *History of America* he says:

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> Our old and beloved Spain does not desire, nor is she able, nor ought she, to think of exercising any hegemony over the Ibero-American peoples. We desire, and we aspire, only to a fraternal communion. . . . Spaniards and Americans of the Iberian race, forgetting old grievances, should in the future think only of living the life of culture and of progress.[1]

In this way he proposes to "foster the union of the Latin Republics with the mother country."

The chord struck by the intellectuals in Spain has met a hearty response among the same class in Hispanic America. In 1917 Professor Suarez, of the University of Buenos Aires, published a little book in which he manifested great enthusiasm for Spain, laying the blame for the Hispanic American revolutions, not upon the Spaniards, but on the despotism from which the Spaniards themselves were seeking to escape. The same tactics had much to do with the Anglo-American rapprochement. In 1918 J. F. V. Silva, of Argentina, called for a great empire composed of Spain, Portugal and the Latin American republics, with its capital in Spain. This empire should have its own *irredenta*, Gibraltar and Morocco on one side of the Atlantic, and Porto Rico, the Falkland Islands and the Panama Canal on the other.

Of the Pan-Hispanic movement little is known outside a narrow circle in North America—we know too little of our neighbors. If the "economic interpretation of history" is the correct one, then the Pan-Hispanic movement seems utterly hopeless, for the economic interests common to Spain and her former colonies are very, very small. But some day we shall learn that economic determinants are more powerful among some people than among others. That they are powerful in the United States is beyond dispute; that they are not equally powerful in Latin America seems also beyond dispute. "Blood is thicker than water" is an expression with which Americans are familiar. Some day, perhaps, we shall learn that spiritual ties of blood and culture are stronger than bonds forged of gold. Pan-America has not arrived. Before it does we may have to change our attitude on some questions.

DAVID Y. THOMAS.

[1] Quoted by J. F. Rippey in *Political Science Quarterly*, 37: 389–414.

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FRANCE AND THE FACTS

BY LAURENCE ADLER

In 1915, when France held firm at Verdun, the whole world bowed in reverence before French heroism. Today victorious France, after the sacrifice of a million and a half of her sons, is engaged in an economic struggle for solvency and security, and has been obliged, through the pressure of immediate needs in the devastated regions and a deficit of four billion francs, to embark upon what may seem to the world at large as a perilous as well as desperate adventure.

In view of the affirmations repeatedly heard that France is pursuing an aggressive military and imperialistic policy, that the French Government could balance its budget and pay its debts if its army were reduced, that the French reparation demands are beyond all reason, and that France's action and policy in the Ruhr as well as her refusal to disarm are blocking the way to permanent peace, it would seem not untimely to lay certain figures and facts before the American public, and allow statistics to tell their own story.

Contrary to the impression that the French army has been increased in size within recent years, it has been reduced from 873,000 men in 1914, the year of the outbreak of the war, to 670,000 men in 1923. Of the latter figure 450,000 are French and 220,000 colonials. While in 1913 her military and naval budget cost France one-third of her income, she is thus spending but one-fifth today. In 1918 her army was costing her 36,120,000,000 francs; today through successive reductions it is costing her but 4,910,000,000 francs. She is spending on naval and military expenses combined but one-half of England's and two-thirds of America's expenditure, despite the fact that in 1913 America was outlaying only one-third of France's military and naval budget. It is not just to point to the fact that France pays her soldiers and officers far less than does America, for the reason

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that proportionately to her national income and the state of her finances she pays her soldiers more than we do.

In the space of the years 1913 to 1922 Italy increased her military and naval expenses 483 per cent, Japan 291 per cent, the United States 280 per cent, England 274 per cent, and France only 205 per cent; and this comparison between France and America holds true without taking into consideration the dollar-franc exchange, which is at the present time greatly to the interest of the dollar. In 1913, when the franc was in the ratio of five to the dollar, France spent on her army $531,814,947 and America $316,432,952. In 1922, with the dollar at eleven francs or over, France was spending on her army $491,000,000 and America $868,000,000.

Are not these figures more than a little surprising, considering that we are told that France is the one nation barring the way to disarmament? She has already reduced her army to the extent of two million men, is contemplating further reductions, and is keeping in active service only the number she considers indispensable. Is England doing less when she still supports a huge navy and spends twice the sum that France does, so that her colonies may be protected? And England's colonies have not been threatened, but France has twice been invaded during the span of one half century. And is not America fully as anxious for the security of her coast against possible Japanese attack? Notwithstanding the pact at Washington, she has reserved the right to support a large enough navy to insure her coasts against aggression. France in addition to her exposed frontier has large colonial possessions to consider, and is no more than equaling England's and America's policy when she insists on a sufficient army to protect her vital interests; and with these protective measures, as the figures show, she is spending sums greatly inferior to England's and America's outlay.

Despite France's present justified attempt to collect by show of force what Germany has so skillfully avoided paying, it must be emphasized that the spirit of militarism *per se* does not exist in the great mass of the French people. If as a whole they have sanctioned their Government's action of the moment, it is because they believe that only by a show of force can Germany be com-

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pelled to live up to the obligation of to some small extent making good for the enormous wanton destruction she committed on French soil during the war. During a residence of the last sixteen months in France I had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with Frenchmen of almost every class and condition. Nowhere did I find apparent a display of enthusiasm for the maintenance of a large army. It is simply regarded as an indispensable necessity. The French taxpayer is not in the habit of whining, and expressions of hatred or bitterness toward the Germans are uncommon. The average young recruit enters his two years of military service perhaps with reluctance, but with the patriotic acceptance of an imperative duty toward his country, and Frenchmen of all classes are willing to undergo hardship and sacrifice so that there shall be no repetition of the years 1914 to 1918. It is matter of common knowledge that the Allied Commissions in Germany are frequently stumbling upon hidden stores of arms. Germany's army of 100,000, and the Schutz police of 250,000, constitute a skeleton army and nucleus for the developing and equipping of seven million old soldiers that remain within call. In Upper Silesia a year ago 40,000 men were got together in a remarkably short time with all the munitions of war complete. The development of German industry makes this possible, and it is for this reason that France fears a Germany industrially restored and potentially strong for war.

When we come to the consideration of naval protective measures, French opinion indicates, and not without some justification, that France was misunderstood and underrated at the Washington Conference. She has a littoral of 24,000 kilometers, consisting of three sea fronts, to protect. She was granted a tonnage of 175,000 in capital ships and put on an equality with Italy, while England and the United States, although isolated, were granted three times that amount of tonnage; and Japan, remotely isolated, was granted 315,000 tons. Italy has only 8,500 kilometers of coast line to protect and a small colonial empire compared with that of France. France has been accused of warlike desires because she insisted on the use of submarines. But French naval experts reply that since the Conference granted her an insufficient tonnage of capital ships, she would in case of

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another war be obliged to have defensive recourse to this branch of her navy.

It has been frequently pointed out that if England and America could give France a definite defensive alliance, the French would feel secure in making radical reductions in the size of their army, and the French taxpayer would not in any way regret a reduction if the safety of such a line of policy could be assured. But America did not do this, and England in consequence remained content with the advantage of an entente more decorative than useful as far as France's needs are concerned.

It is difficult for America in her safe position of world isolation to comprehend France's constant apprehension of Germany's future intentions. On the other hand it is more difficult for France to consider the policy of discarding her army, inasmuch as neither England nor America has been willing in any way to guarantee aid in defending her safety and financial security.

With the present financial situation to face, with the Russian Bolshevik army of 1,500,000 men to consider (a force not to be scorned, as was manifested a little over a year ago when the French Staff Council saved Poland from defeat), and with the Treaty of Rapallo a *fait accompli*, it is not to be wondered at that French foreign policy regards a further reduction of the army as a suicidal impossibility.

It is of course self-evident that France is in her present financial plight because she has counted vainly upon German reparations to equalize the huge sum she has been obliged to spend in repairing her devastated regions. The Agreement of Spa, which was to a certain extent a revision of the Treaty of Versailles, gave France a proportion of 52 per cent of the total indemnity of 132,000,000,000 gold marks. This has in turn been revised, so that the present term for Germany's payment has been greatly extended and made more flexible. Since the time of the armistice, and up to the month of June, 1922, France was with difficulty able to collect from Germany (in goods) the sum of 1,177,423,000 gold marks.

On the other hand let us briefly glance at the results achieved in repairing the devastated regions as well as the cost involved thus far. At the rate before the war, the value of capital in this

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region of France amounted to 9,082,986,155 francs. In 1918 the results of the war showed the following:

Houses destroyed	289,147	
Houses injured	422,736	
Roads in need of repair	53,830	kilometers
Industrial establishments destroyed	4,084	
Navigable routes destroyed	1,112	kilometers
Farm land destroyed	3,000,000	hectares
Railroads destroyed	4,630	kilometers

Up to January 1, 1922, the work of restoration showed the following figures:

Population returned	3,985,913	
Houses repaired and new buildings	355,479	
Roads repaired	31,965	kilometers
Industrial establishments reopened	5,680	
Navigable routes repaired	1,027	kilometers
Works of art restored, such as cathedrals	3,986	
Farm lands restored for cultivation	1,500,000	hectares
Railroads rebuilt	2,215	kilometers

On this labor of reconstruction the French Government has thus far spent 93,000,000,000 francs, and the work of restoration is far from finished. It must also be noted that if France had not thus been obliged to become Germany's banker, the crisis of exchange values and consequent attending miseries might have been to some extent avoided.

What has France done in order to meet these terrible after-results of a war that has brought her the barren victory of finding herself at the present moment in the midst of the gravest financial difficulties? Let us glance for a moment at the French budget and the reductions in its public economy that the Government has effected during the last few years. In 1918 France's budget stood at 48,584,000,000 francs. In 1920 it had been reduced to 30,732,000,000 francs. In 1922 it reached the minimum of 24,680,000,000 francs, which means a reduction of almost 50 per cent in six years. It is not hard to understand that the greatest economy has been necessary in order to achieve such a result. The 1923 budget, according to Monsieur Lasteyrie, Minister of Finance, contemplates an additional reduction, bringing the total down to 23,180,000,000 francs.

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How have these reductions been obtained? Unfortunately at the cost of the public good, and with consequent difficulty to all the departments of state. This condition of affiairs is self-evident to those who have traveled extensively in France since the war. The railways are undermanned, the companies are unable to supply badly needed improvements and new installations, and there is no immediate remedy in sight. The public highways, especially the *routes nationales*, have suffered through the wear and tear of the war and the Government cannot afford to spend the money necessary to bring them back to the state of perfection which made them famous in former years as the best roads in the world. The same is true of canals, public buildings, works of art, and many other items that might be mentioned. The Government dispensed with 42,000 state functionaries during 1922, and in 1923, 50,000 more are to be dismissed. Thus it will become apparent to even the casual student of French public finance that the Administration is doing everything in its power to keep up international as well as national obligations. And with all these economies, M. Lasteyrie, Minister of Finance, has recently announced that the budget deficit for 1922 amounts to four billion francs. How is this deficit to be paid? Will the French people submit to further taxation? These are the questions that have been vexing the French Chamber of Deputies, and have caused the Ruhr policy to be adopted.

When on the other hand we glance at the state of affairs in Germany, what conditions do we find? According to authoritative reports, Germany has been spending more money recently on internal improvements than any other European Power, and there seems to be conclusive evidence that this policy has been adopted deliberately to inflate the already inflated currency and make it apparently impossible to pay the reparation bill. Munich is to have one of the largest railway stations in the world. Königsberg is building a costly new municipal opera house. A two hundred wire telephone service has been recently installed between Frankfort and Berlin, so as to facilitate communication between these two important centers. These are commonplaces in European news. German roads and canals are in excellent condition. Many of her cities are in a prosperous state. Her

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merchant marine has been rebuilt, her industries have been reviving, and the indications of suffering seem to be largely among the poorer and middle classes, and this on account of the action of the big business men and industrials, who are to a certain extent responsible for the fall of the mark and the consequent high prices.

Mr. Thewall, commercial attaché to the British Embassy at Berlin, in a report dated last March, gives pertinent information as to some of these items and as to Germany's management of her finances. It is especially important that we should take his evidence into consideration, as it was made at the time when England's foreign policy under Mr. Lloyd-George's direction was striving to befriend Germany and reëstablish Germany's commerce. Speaking of the decline of the mark, Mr. Thewall says:

> As long as each payment is provided for by the printing press and not in the way it should be, through taxation, it will lead to the total collapse of the currency. Germany has likewise not sufficiently legislated against mad speculation. The gold coin in December, 1921, amounted to 993,697,000 gold marks, which equals 49,440,817 pounds and represented a very reasonable proportion of the true value of the note circulation. There has been speculation and enormous investment on the part of the wealthy German industrials and business men in foreign holdings. The same class consistently avoids paying its taxes. What is wanted is not a further set of taxes but rather a readjustment and ruthless application of existing taxes. The wealthy should be made to pay a fair share and disclose their foreign holdings, which so far they have not done. One of the best proofs that the German business world has not paid the tax which the law lays down is that it is in a position to buy and sell freely, to enter into extended foreign undertakings and has plenty of money left over for investment. If it had paid the taxes which appear on paper it would be struggling to make both ends meet.

As to the advantages of the fall of the mark, Mr. Thewall says:

> There can be no doubt that through the low mark Germany has been able to attract to herself a large part of the world's trade in manufactured goods, and in a time of general depression, such as the present time, this alone is a boon of incalculable value, particularly in a country which has for four years been cut off from the rest of the world. It is the low mark which has enabled her to return to her former oversea market, open up new ones, enabling her also to almost reconstruct her merchant marine, as German goods which are paid for in paper marks can earn freights paid in foreign gold. Furthermore, it is the low mark which has saved Germany from the crushing burden of

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unemployment under which the rest of the world has labored. It is thus obvious that there is a powerful section of the German nation which considers the low rate of exchange as its most potent weapon and is in no hurry to lay it aside. In order to stabilize the mark a universal international agreement is necessary, and if, as seems probable, the mark is left to adjust itself, a considerable improvement may be expected when the present differences between Germany and the allies are settled, and Germany will then pass through a period of difficulty greater than any since the middle of 1919. Industry is fairly on the way to being restored and the merchant marine is being rebuilt. At the time of the peace treaty the tonnage of the German merchant marine was down to 419,000 tons. In 1921 it had risen to 1,563,800 tons.

Above all, the public utilities of Germany, contrary to those of France, have been enormously improved and are in excellent condition. It is undoubtedly true that there are portions of the German population that are undergoing grave trials and hardships on account of conditions arising from the war. It is apparent, however, that the nation as a whole has not got together and helped solve these difficulties, but has relied on differences among the Allies and on the hope of outside help to ease the economic situation. The best elements of the French nation, as well as all who have the complete restoration of Europe at heart, would not deny a place of restored peaceful power to the millions of Germany's honest citizens. It is for the best elements of the German nation, by means of hearty coöperation within their own borders, and above all, by means of shouldering their financial obligations and making good as far as possible the frightful damage they have caused, to show the world at large and France in particular that there is a new Germany, a nation of international honor and peaceful aspirations. France is still prepared to revise her policy as soon as she has proof that Germany will live up to her obligations.

It is not within the scope of this article to review the question of inter-allied indebtedness. It may be well, however, to record certain statistics that are perhaps unknown to the general public. France is owed 51,435,000,000 more gold marks than she owes. This figure includes not only the total amount of the German reparations but likewise the advances made by France to Greece, Czechoslovakia, Roumania and Belgium, but not the enormous Russian debt to France. At present France owes the United

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States 14,128,000,000 gold marks and England 10,820,000,000, a total of 24,952,000,000. She is owed 76,387,000,000 gold marks, of which the German reparations come to the sum of 67,347,000,000. It has been stated that she has received from Germany 1,177,423,000 gold marks, but she has spent on her devastated regions 93,000,000,000 francs, and it is calculated that 130,000,000,000 francs will be needed to complete the work of restoration. Let those who consider France's reparation claims as excessive ponder on these figures.

Above all, let those who are criticizing and condemning France's Ruhr experiment reflect that, had the United States (as many of her most generous citizens desired) annulled or scaled down the French debt, it is not unlikely that public opinion in France would have repudiated a venture that has been undertaken largely on account of the desperate state of French public finance.

LAURENCE ADLER.

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MANY GODS

BY STARK YOUNG

If a Greek and a young Elizabethan, lovers of art, visited the theatre on Fifty-Ninth Street, coming there because of the renown of the Moscow Art Theatre and because perhaps, as the proverb says that Socrates quoted to Aristodemus, to the feasts of the good, the good come uninvited, they would see a chamber in the Czar's palace, low, flat, arched, painted, gilded, with a certain beauty and barbaric splendor everywhere. The jewels, the costumes, are magnificently rich; rubies, diamonds, gold and brocades stiff as flowered metal and silks soft or heavy and wonderfully dyed. There is a constant procession of these gorgeous figures, of these tall straight men with their long beards and their rich, impetuous speech; of these women with astonishing headdresses and great rings and bracelets and sweeping, incredible mantles.

The play develops. The weak Czar Fyodor, after his father's violent reign, has come into a kingdom that is torn by a feud between two rival princes. His entreaties and the prayers of the Czarina, the sister of one of these princes, induce the two factions to make peace and to kiss the cross as a symbol of their agreement. Secretly, however, they betray him. One side plots to take away the Czarina and marry the Czar to a princess of its party. The other side plots to dethrone the Czar and to crown his young son, Dmitri. The Czar, in an agony of weakness and confusion and sick will, hesitates and blunders on. He causes one of the princes to be brought to trial, and takes back the other as his counselor. Word comes that his son is dead, by some hidden treachery, and that there is a war begun with the Tartars. The Czar orders the army to the front and remains alone with the Czarina in the cathedral porch. Leaning against a column there he cries "O God, O God! Why did you make me a Czar?"

There is here, then, in *Czar Fyodor Ivanovitch*, a historical play,

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a drama around national characters and incidents. It has a large story, large figures of men, trappings, proud events. And this is the highest achievement, not so much in individual acting but in repertoire, that the Russian theatre, or any other nowadays, can boast. But it satisfies neither the Greek nor the Elizabethan.

To the Greek this Russian performance of a historical drama lacks, most of all, idea. He sees the story unfold; it is more or less without definite lines but moves along as life wavers among mortals and their plots and purposes. He sees the actors in their parts; they look like the very portraits of these bygone men, like figures walking out of the sixteenth century in Russia. And their manner, their gestures and use of the voice, are those of everyday life as one sees it everywhere. The groups of followers, the ensemble, the mobs, are life itself; every man and all the men together and the court maidens, are all alive, indistinguishable, save for their antique clothes, from people as they appear to us and from ordinary human conduct. These are indeed fierce, real persons there on the stage before him, and what they do is what any man we know would do if we moved him back to those events and that epoch of human experience.

But this Greek could never rest in history seen like that. To him the shapeless mass of history, its men and thoughts and incidents, when taken into art, is only material for larger ideas. A part of the very essence of these events and men is their remoteness. And in art this remoteness must appear in style, in a simplification and enlargement of the delineation of character and emotion and of the actual details of gesture and manner and speech. To try to bring the men and women of the long past centuries into the present time by making them walk and talk and express their impulses as the people around us do, seems to the Greek only to set up a present day life in a false shell of story and costume. No, not for him this excellently simple and recognizable pageant of life that these Russians set forth in the Czar and his princes and henchmen; but rather heroic figures that are in themselves embodiments of ideas, figures whose gait and heroic breasts gather up for time the steps and passions of mere transient men. And in the actors he would have above all things style, a great ornament of simplicity and distinction, and a lustre

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and relief that would add to accidental nature the truth of art. And even to the scenes and the costumes he would have added style, not to copy what men once wore, which may be easily seen in museums, but to secure in the treatment of these material things the restatement that expresses our ideas of them as we see them through the depths of time; and that expresses also in terms of this historical matter our ideas of life; that expresses even in so slight a thing as garments an indication of idea, of the desire in our souls for something immortal in mortality.

To the Elizabethan, this average and ordinary mode of portraying these kings and princes of dead times lacks power, it lacks audacity and flight and that ungovernable scope of feeling and thought and image that he was accustomed to find in the historical tragedies of his own day. In his *Tamburlaine* that Marlowe wrote for him, and in Shakespeare's *King Lear* and *Macbeth* and *Richard III*, history is used superbly for the poet's purposes. He sees, however, this Russian daylight mood, these gestures, this manner, these actual antique garments, and it seems to him to come a long way short of what his own dreams must be. In the historical plays of his day there was not the general large form put on everything, as the Greek dramatists would do. The surface of the lines, the imagery, the grace of the Elizabethan moods, was a reflection of Greek or rather of the classical flower in the Renaissance, but how fundamentally untouched with Greek security and light! But on the other hand his dramas were not seen so straight nor with such moderate naturalism as he finds among these Russians. Marlowe and Shakespeare in their historical dramas, and the actors of Elizabeth's day, won idea for their matter through escape from the confines of the actual, through release, extravagance, through sheer volume of passion and thought and language. What the Greek way of creating did with patterns and ideas that controlled and designed the final form to be given the material, the Elizabethan gained by his freedom. His art was free from everything but the possibilities and limits of the imagination; and by creating a region of boundless light and change, he released not seldom a world of shapes that had infinite possibilities of meaning. From this extravagant freedom of his Elizabethan art, as from the Greek form and type

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and idea, comes for him the opportunity for universal and eternal beauty. But this limitation within reality that the method of these Russians implies is for the Elizabethan too confining and too plain.

When it comes to the Gorki and the Chekhov plays, it is another matter. Gorki's play as it stands could go on forever; Gorki's play, with that cellar lodging where Luka, the religious pilgrim, with his gentle, flattering wisdom, moves for a while and departs; where Anna, the dying woman, is; and the fallen baron, the fallen actor, the philosopher, the prostitute, the thief, and many others living there together, philosophizing, drinking, hanging themselves, whining and vanishing. The Greek knows this because this Russian drama lacks the concluding outline that he expects, the gathering of a catastrophe that is at length, when the drama ends, to be seen through avenues of calm and noble reflection. The Elizabethan knows it because he has seen his tragedies wound up, always concluded by some violent death or by a sequence of heavy fates, drowning all in blood. But the possibility of this unending continuance in Gorki's play is inherent in the idea; both the Greek and the Elizabethan can see that. From the rise of the curtain at the beginning till that last pause at the end when the news comes of the actor's hanging himself, there is an unending stream of wretched life, a perpetual coming in and going out of those creatures that are the dregs of the world; and whatever happens is only a moment in this thing that will go on. That is modern realism, an intention of rendering life as we watch it live itself, a refusal to begin or end or to force this living matter into hard patterns or poetic escapes or controlled theory. The plays of Chekhov are even more thorough instances of modern realism. Here these two visitors, from the sunlit Bay of Salamis and the burly, wistful Thames, get the ultimate and most subtle modern realism to be found anywhere.

This Greek gentleman knows very well what the friends and advocates of this realism claim for it. What this realism does, they say, is to represent life as it is; to use no action and no expression that would not be visible or audible in actual life. Such a realism has for its deepest argument, though not often mentioned by its advocates, the idea that from the outside we

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may see all the inside; Leonardo da Vinci's theory that if you could portray the exterior perfectly, the inner truth would be expressed; and something of this kind may have been implied in Aristotle's conceptions of science and art. The Greek comprehends clearly enough this power that realism lays claim to of giving us life as it is. But he is not for an instant imposed upon by it. He knows, too, the famous fourth wall theory, knows that if he should inquire of the founder and leading spirit of the Moscow Art Theatre, he would hear that Stanislavsky's avowed intention is to leave the audience out entirely, to represent the life going on there among the characters on the stage completely and in perfect illusion of reality, as if indeed we had simply been allowed to remove a wall and look on, and that were all. Whether such an effect on the stage could be secured, the Greek, thinking on the nature of art, is not sure; that it is not desirable, he feels certain. For the consciousness —varying of course with the simplicity or naïveté of the spectator's intellect—that we are looking at a work of art and not at reality, is necessary if we are to enjoy and understand the work of art exhibited to us. And the fine spell and the possibility for distinction in a work of theatrical art lies in the fact that at the same time it is and is not the thing it enacts, that it has the charm, as Pascal said of portraits, of presence and absence. That the art of these actors of the Moscow theatre does not supply a complete illusion of life but remains always theatre, and admirable theatre, the Greek is not so stupid as not to see.

This Athenian visitor watches the play, then, as it goes forward. The scene, in the first place, is obviously painted canvas, it is pushed toward reality in a kind of photographic representation, but it undoubtedly affords no illusion; in Gorki's courtyard scene it goes farther and is the frankest canvas makeshift. He sees the actors enter. Each actor is a character; if he is ragged, his cap, his shirt, his waistcoat, his coat, shoes, socks, beard and hair, are all distinctly ragged. If he is a clownish fellow, he remains more vivid than life in the mind's eye. Every person, in sum, is a perfect portrait and unforgetable. And this in itself, the Greek knows,—and, since he respects his mind, prefers to remember,—is not like life, where there is more blur and less indi-

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vidual accent as a rule, certainly less for the average observer. And the very choice of the accent to be made and the pointing up that goes on over all the list of characters must bring the result, he knows, into the field not of life but of art. Moskvin, great actor that he is, is the very soul of his part; instead of being the copy of life, he is the perfection of that quality that the wiser critics speak of as spiritual realism; and Moskvin remains always underscored as a beautiful and profound and moving comment on the depths of the man he plays. This Athenian lover of Euripides and Aeschylus and Aristophanes sees, then, quickly enough that this is quite as much a directed channel of art as his own dramatists created. And he recognizes with no great difficulty the nature of their diversity and the point at which each school of art departs from the living material at hand. The Athenian's poets knew, as Plato taught, the doctrine of ideas. Their habit of thought regarded all our ideas or conceptions, such as beauty, wisdom, justice and so on, as imperfect manifestations of complete ideas that exist in the universe. These universal and eternal perfections our ideas participate in and reflect, and toward them our ideas move and by them are nourished and sustained. And Greek drama, as this man knows, aimed at a heightened ideality as its chief end. This modern realism, he perceives, handles, likewise, its material for its own ends, but aims at a kind of heightened actuality.

The Athenian can easily admire Chekhov's art for the ready and wonderful science of it. He acknowledges this marvelous eye for the details of human life, he sees with what final precision before *The Cherry Orchard* ends the revelation of life is achieved. This scientific phase of Chekhov's realism, though different from anything ever dreamed in Greece, is yet easy for him. For the Greeks had a certain kind of realism—not only in their burlesque and rough popular art—that was imminent always in their artistic thought. A Greek artist began intelligently with the earth, the body; he did not go evading and Galahadding the physical, but admitted physical nature as present, as a source and not to be denied any more than bread is denied as a part of our day. The Greek artist had in that sense, then, a start in science. But when he came to render life in art, he approached all this honest

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detail of seen reality from without inward. As has been repeated so often, he began from the outside of his material, of the character or action, and worked inward. He began with ideas, with art forms, and saw the actual details in the light of them. But this after all, the Athenian would say, decisively, is from within outward; since the quality of his idea is derived from his inner experience and is of all things most himself, is of all things his final reality. He appreciates Chekhov's science, then, and he acknowledges, though with mild emotion, the truth that Chekhov creates in such quivering human terms.

From the exactitude of Chekhov's details this Greek spectator can see a vibrant and exciting world of human life arise. But he came from an open and sunlit country where the light of the sun revealed the last subtlety of things at once to his sharp eyes and lively mind, and simplified and brought things together within larger outlines of vision. His eye tends to see sharply and quickly these details that Chekhov exhibits. Most of them, to his thinking, fall into types and are readily implied in familiar general patterns of form and thought. These Northern races, he decides, make a lot of what ought to be obvious. At any rate these details, in so far as he sees into them, do take their place for him under type ideas in which they are included and from which they radiate. And in this realism he feels that he detects a lack of that sort of imaginative power that can find for a welter of detailed matter a completely representative and final statement. And thinking on that point he remembers some of Plato's definitions with their apt and inexhaustible light; he remembers that sentence Aeschylus put into Prometheus' mouth, setting the primæval chaos and offence into that single—

> I have made men cease from contemplating death;

and he remembers how Bianor, taking all the fatality and wholeness and humility and irony and lordly power of love, had made two lines that say everything—

> This man, inconsiderable, mean, yes, a slave, this man is loved
> And is lord of another's soul.

The Cherry Orchard, the Athenian decides, has no doubt a form in its way, but remains, nevertheless, essentially barbarous at its

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core. And however acute and subtle such minute revelations of life may be, they seem to him only a means to an end, which end in art is the creation of an image, an inclusive idea, that will bring its matter away from the accidental and into participation with those lovely realities that are the mainstay of our living.

Some of the things set forth in this flexible and acute realism this Greek spectator may miss; some of them he will not even know how to look for. But for that he will care very little. For him too much of the concern is with things that are trivial. He would have a return in the theatre, in some modern form, of what existed in Dionysos's theatre that lay under the hill of his Acropolis. He would have longer lines running through the design of the drama, lines that approach the infinite idea. He would have another beauty there on the stage, for those who passionately seek after beauty in the creation of art. This beauty may not belong so immediately as does an easy realism to all the men in the audience, but at bottom, he believes, it does belong and appeal to many of them and, in the course of centuries, outlasts realism; a beauty that perfects men's lives, and, as his teacher would say, from the divinity of its nature makes evident those who desire an immortal life. Too much of modern realism seems to him only a kind of vulgar acuteness. He respects in art lucidity and easy and consummate statement and the recreative power of clear light; he doubts the virtue of that which groaning or skillful confusion or poignant chaos may stumble upon. To him art must be passionate and universal, but the born heir of a divine and tranquil nature.

The Elizabethan sees Chekhov not as the Athenian does. He looks at this realism of Gorki and Chekhov played on the stage there by these Moscow actors with such deceiving ease, and he feels at home with it all. All this drama, he sees, is wild at heart. Like Shakespeare and Marlowe and Massinger and their fellow dramatists, it too has no level or mould of civilization in it, but is the shifting and excessive dream of the single soul.

This Chekhov realism is at bottom non-social. Its gods are not like those of Greece, separate phases of our experience, patterns of ideas and attributes; they are innumerable blurred deities of impulse, of blind motive, of hidden traits and natural char-

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acteristics that work confusedly and unexpectedly in human life. The Elizabethan accepts that, for he is not yet any too far from an old barbarism. His gods are discarded saints that are faint relics of Greek mythical ideas, and a vast personal God, a chaotic and vigorous spirit, driving men over seas and into fights, abasing them for their hot, black sins, lifting them up and justifying their passionate wills. But the Elizabethan's existence in life and art is a reckless splendor of extravagant imagination, and he has never seen created an art that is social. Shakespeare creates in his tragedies a contest of souls rather than of members of a society, whether on earth or in the universe. Shakespeare's comedies are only romantically true; they are full of green leaves, adventure and dreams and fantastic comicality; their ground is personal. And even Ben Jonson, for all his learning and strong, sharp eyes and the lessons he had of Plautus and the smooth Terence, when he writes comedy forces always his matter to a blaze of statement that has poetic but no social discretion. Chekhov's people, then, though they seem to the Elizabethan so limited in scope, he can easily be patient with; patient with these people to whom ideas have no order but are only states of exhilaration or tragic disgust or a babble of moods and mental exercises.

The Elizabethan sees how Chekhov's art flies always from a center; is, as the now familiar phrase goes, centrifugal. He understands that very much as a dramatic poet like Shakespeare used poetic speech and every freedom of figure and imagery to establish the complete quality of the moment, Chekhov, without saying or doing anything that would not be quite possible in ordinary life, discovers and puts together separate remarks and reactions which, by the time the scene ends, have suddenly fused into a revelation of the very soul of that given moment of life represented. And likewise he sees that, as is true of Shakespeare's play, the whole of *The Cherry Orchard* remains suspended in one's experience, an infectious mystery of human living. The Elizabethans had, too, always in the back of their heads a taste for the grotesque, as Chekhov has; though theirs is a rollicking or brutal or macabre grotesque, or a grotesque full of horror and awe, while Chekhov's is a wistful, shy irony, a grotesque that runs between sarcasm and loving humor. And the Elizabethan

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drama, for all its splendid surface, and magnificent pride in beauty and ornament and contending powers, had, like the Russian, a barbarism at its core.

And yet, when all is said, the young Elizabethan is no more content with this Russian art and its realism than the Athenian is. He does not bring so much poise and sophistication, and so much security in the world, as the Greek can bring to Chekhov; but he brings his imagination and energy. And though he cannot describe his judgment of this realism as completely as the other can, he is, though less scornful, far more restive than the Greek.

What finally maddens the Elizabethan about this realism is its deliberate limitations. Why should we decide in this manner what life is? The slender melody of despair that comes sometimes in Chekhov seems to the Elizabethan too gray and relaxed. The pity seems too quiet and fatalistic for his uses. The humor, the comedy, in Chekhov is sure and searching; he likes it, but he would like it to go further. What this Elizabethan wants, as the Greek in his way wants, is a larger statement of the idea; he wants what to him is the poetic. He has not patience to settle into this delicate and sensitive conveyance of human life, but must have a vastly more heightened world of passions, beauty, images, words. And out of such a world as this he demands, as the Greek does in his way, that at great moments great inclusive visual images or forms of action be created—as when Oedipus enters with his blinded eyes, or Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep, or King Lear wandering in the storm—in which the moment and all its implications is summed up and brought into a complete statement not only for the mind but also for the eyes.

And Chekhov's tragedy has for the Elizabethan far too much defeat. Out of such a muted violence and pressure of life he does not get his tragic beauty; this is not his poetry. He will not stop with this subtle and quivering revelation of what happens when a man's vitality, and the rush and fire of it, runs into the actual world about him. The thing that concerns him is what happens when the actual world about him runs into his vitality.

STARK YOUNG.

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THE REVELATION OF RAPHAEL

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

Hearken, and trust my words. Behold I am
Of the Archangels, of the Shining Seven
Who have one only thought, one song, one deed,
To worship God. Glory to God, our God!

He dwelleth in eternal light. He leads
The gleaming constellations up the sky.
The meteors and comets feel His hand
Upon their blazing reins.
He is the Lover
Of all that live. The spirits of all men,
Though far they stray, perverse, on lonely ways,
Are of His household, even as little children.
The forest brotherhoods, set free from terror,
Sport in His garden, happiest when His feet
May walk among them. He is Lord of all,
The tame, the wild, the souls of those that fly
In the glad air, that swim in the glad waters,
That graze in the glad fields. The flowers whose tints
Are dear to Him, the trees His psalmodists,
The curious, shy denizens of ocean
From proud leviathan to living towers
Of coral, even down to those dim growths
Still unaware of being, all rejoice
In their Creator, worshipping His law
With that best worship of obedience.
In every life He lives, urging it upward;
The reptile rises to the bird; the wolf
Becomes the collie, guardian of men's flocks;
The criminal ascendeth to the saint.
The sweetness of His law excels all sweetness;
To do His will is Paradise and Peace.

I am Raphael, the Healer of the Earth,
Sent forth of God to comfort human hearts
And cure them of their griefs, for He is mindful
Of man, whom He hath made but little lower
Than us, His angels, and hath crowned with honor.

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The bright, imperishable, singing spheres
Look wistfully on man, who falls to rise,
Whose soul was kindled at the central fire
And, burning wildly in the winds of earth,
Is yet divine. Glory to God, to God!

My task it is to heal this troubled earth
With reverence, with law, with loving kindness,
Purge it from greed and envy, falsehood, scorn,
Hate, cruelty, and all the brood of hell.
When martyrs in the fiery furnace walk,
I walk beside them and I cool the flames.
'Tis I present the prayers of saints before
The Throne of God; the psalms of David poured
Their fragrance from the censer I uplifted.

Farewell, for I arise to Him that sent me.
Swifter than those four steeds that down the air
Hurtle the splendid chariot of storm,
The Wind, the Rain, the Sleet, the Lightning, swifter
Than hope and fear and dream and death I speed
At the great bidding unto souls in sorrow;
But that keen flight is slow to my return
To Him whose essence draweth up mine own,
Even as the Sun draws up the dew. Farewell.
The clouds allure me and the ether calls me;
The pathways of the stars are lighted for me;
I bear your adoration up to God,
Beyond the pillars of the crystal heavens,
The chambers of the hoarfrost and the snow,
The stalls wherein the thunder-steeds are lodged,
Each ruled by its firm bridle of command,
Beyond Arcturus and his sons, beyond
The golden treasuries of the Pleiades,
Armored Orion and the mystic river
That mortals, marvelling, call the Milky Way,
Beyond the azure, star-embroidered veil
That the Four Seraphs weave between your world
Of space and time and our eternity.
On to the place where no flesh walks, I bear
The breath of your thanksgiving, on and on,
Beyond all hunger, thirst, and pain, and terror,
To the upper heaven whose palaces gleam out
With pinnacles and columns of sheer flame,

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To that high dwelling, unconfined and clear,
Whence God looks forth on all His circling globes,
Shaping their shining destinies. And you,
You who have known the dimness and the dark,
Shall yet behold those walls that are no walls
But iridescent glow of jewels, praising
Our God with dancing color, even as life
Best praises Him with beauty, joy and love.
Glory to God!

THE IDLE SINGER

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

Not that I may be understood;—
Who understands the stream that slips
With endless music on its lips
Through the still wood?

Who listens when the night winds blow
Through those high harps the poplars string?
And the low song the rushes sing
Does any know?

And where the waves with milky hands
Touch the curved viol of the shore,
And the old chords break evermore,
Who understands?

But should the ritual be dumb
And the long invocation cease?—
Still let us breathe of that far peace
That may not come!

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TWO POEMS

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

THE BUILDER

This loveliness is builded of despair;
This tower of white strength was made to fall.
O creeping Dust, that folds and covers all
With cloak of shadow we would scorn to wear,
Come not too soon along the level air!
The stones are firm that make the tower wall,
And the unyielding steel runs thin and tall
Into the clouds, and with the sun is fair.

Dust that was Beauty of an ancient art,—
Grey Threatener! My plans bespoke no gleam
Of steel that has to rust,—no mortared seam
For finger-strength of yours to pull apart!
(I think it is more wise for those who dream
To keep their beauty hidden in the heart.)

DEFIANCE

My song shall flow unceasing as the tide,
And words make their defiance to the sun;
I am caparisoned in ancient pride,
Dowered for battles lost or battles won.
And through all fleeting days, at my right hand
Waits earth's mad beauty, timelessly arrayed;
And on my left pale clouds like pillars stand,
Bearing their strength to keep me unafraid.
For I have put my trust in passing things,—
In loveliness that melts before a breath,
In thoughts washed shining at the mind's clear springs,—
These are eternal in the face of death;
And armed with these, their splendor and their truth,
I shall be strong, and keep immortal youth.

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JACINTO BENAVENTE

BY FEDERICO DE ONIS

THE name of the Spanish dramatist, Jacinto Benavente, has in the last few years acquired a universal character. His works have been translated into divers languages, and his dramas have been played before the publics of many nations. Several volumes of his plays have been published in English, and two of his works have been presented on the stage: *The Bonds of Interest* and *The Passion Flower*. This latter enjoyed a rather popular success. Not merely Spanish, but foreign critics as well praise him extravagantly, placing him at the head of the dramatists of the day, and comparing him to Shakespeare and Molière, Lope de Vega and Calderón. And now the Nobel Prize has been awarded him, confirming and extending this international reputation. But at the same time, especially in Spain, the reaction has already set in against him, and he is now the object of scathing criticism—which may in itself be proof of his talent and success.

International recognition of an author comes late, as a rule; at a moment in which, to his countrymen, his achievements belong to the past. It is therefore easier to judge and appraise him. Seventeen years ago, in 1905, another Spanish dramatist received the Nobel Prize, José Echegaray. But what this date really marks in the history of the Spanish drama is the definite and widespread triumph of Benavente. For twenty-six years—1874–1900—Echegaray had been the idol of the Spanish theatre-going public; he had filled a whole epoch. But about 1890, and increasingly thereafter, there began to appear the germs of a new art, in contradiction to the preceding, and whose development and triumph were to signify a new epoch in Spanish literature. There was to come the consequent change in the taste of the public which would forsake its old idols blindly to follow the new. Benavente, who began to write in 1892, and whose first

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play was produced in 1894, was the inaugurator and creator of the new drama, whose principles and aims were diametrically opposed to those which Echegaray's work had so brilliantly embodied. A writer who is in contradiction to the tastes of the public finds the beginning difficult, and Benavente's first contact with the public produced the inevitable clash and incomprehension. So great was this—the result of the profound cleavage between the incipient and the dominant literature—that the public did not even qualify Benavente's work as bad or inferior to the other; it simply said his plays were no more plays than Rubén Dario's verses were poetry; Azorin's, Baroja's and Vallei Inclán's novels were not novels; Unamuno's philosophy was a series of insolent paradoxes. Only after eleven years, in which time he had produced thirty-eight plays, did the attitude of the public toward Benavente change. Until then only a select minority had understood and appreciated his work. During these years in which Benavente's reputation and popularity were increasing, Echegaray's were on the wane, and in 1905 a shift of scene took place which substituted Benavente in the stellar part Echegaray had occupied in the heart of the public for thirty years.

Benavente is now fifty-six years old. Already strange tales have begun to circulate abroad about him, which tend to make him a legendary sort of figure. It is said that he began his career as a clown and actor, and from these humble beginnings ascended to a more respectable social position on the ladder of his literary triumphs. It must be known, in the interest of the truth, that Benavente has never been a professional actor. If occasionally he has appeared on the stage it has been as an amateur, and—be it also said in the interests of truth—without striking success. He was born and raised in Madrid, where he lives today. He has spent most of his life there, except for his travels abroad. He belongs to a well-known family of the upper middle class; his father was a prominent physician and Benavente's circumstances have always been comfortable. He began to study law at the University of Madrid, but this was not the path of his ambitions. Even as a child the theatre attracted him tremendously, and he had a little puppet show of his own at home. When his father

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died he left the university and set out to travel. It was then that he traveled through France, Germany and Russia, and was supposedly an actor and the manager of a circus. This juvenile adventure gave him that knowledge of theatrical life which he has often utilized in his plays, notably in *La noche del sábado* (Saturday Night), one of his best.

His true world, however, the one he portrays most frequently, is that of Madrid. And in this world, it is of the classes in which he has moved, the upper middle class and aristocracy, which are practically one today, that he writes. Benavente is not of Madrid merely by the accidents of birth and residence; his spirit, his art, both are essentially *madrileños*, without a trace of the regional, popular or provincial spirit of Spain. There, in the heart of Spain, three and a half centuries of court life have created an artificial city, without real roots anywhere, and apparently in contradiction with all the rest of the country. It has, notwithstanding, a unique, unmistakable character among European capitals which is the result, good or bad, of the collaboration of all the Spaniards. Benavente is a product of this city and he gets his cosmopolitanism—increased by his travels—from it.

In the essence of his personality one finds the characteristic traits of the *señorito* of Madrid: refinement and gentility, keen intuition, a biting malicious humor, cynical indifference where moral issues are involved, genial skepticism.

Benavente is a skeptic, without beliefs and without faith, a characteristic attitude of his generation. This has made him amply tolerant of others. He is almost purely a writer, with few other interests. His social ideals take the form of a vague humanitarianism and protection of the weak. Problems dealing with children have especially interested him. Some years ago he started a theatre for children, and wrote a number of charming little things for it.

After these details, which may be of interest in the case of a foreign author, let us turn to his work. He began his literary career in 1892 with a volume entitled *Teatro Fantástico*, composed of plays not intended for the stage. The next year he published a volume of verses and another in prose, *Cartas de Mujeres* (Women's Letters). Already in this last he reveals himself as

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the keen analyst of the feminine soul. In 1894 his first play, *El nido ajeno* (Thy Neighbor's House), was produced, and since then he has confined himself almost exclusively to the drama. His original works number more than eighty, and comprise all the *genres:* comedy, tragedy, farce, musical comedy, dialogue, monologue. He has besides translated several foreign plays, among them Molière's *Don Juan* and Shakespeare's *King Lear.* These two dramatists have exerted a greater influence on his art than the Spanish classical theatre. There is very clear evidence of the French theatre, which was dominant when he began to write. This fact has occasionally been pointed out, with the idea of disparaging Benavente, comparing him with Donnay, Lavedan, and others unquestionably inferior to him. These influences may exist, and there is, beyond a doubt, a similiarity between Benavente and other contemporary dramatists, as is invariably the case with writers of the same epoch; but the originality, the strength, the richness and variety of Benavente's work are such as to make it doubtful whether his equal exists in contemporary dramatic literature.

What Benavente did take from the French drama was the social and satirical tendency which led him to paint the Spanish, or to be more exact, the Madrid society of the day in his first plays. The world Benavente portrays has nothing to do with the French, and his manner of painting it, the wit, the sarcasm, the penetration, are completely his. *Gente Conocida* (People We Know) is the title of his second play, first presented in 1896, and it might well serve as the title for the majority of the plays of this first period. They were almost devoid of plot, composed of a series of pictures and scenes of the social life of the day, in which the members of the middle and upper classes of Madrid appeared before themselves as audience. The painting was hardly flattering; it was a delicate yet cutting satire; extraordinarily shrewd and true to life, always ironic in tone, contained and natural, but implacably cruel beneath the pleasant surface. The characters, all familiar types, are made to reveal their vices and their weaknesses, not through anything that happens, but by their talk and their comments on each other. The painting has all the charm of accuracy, of truthfulness and humor; the

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language is witty and sparkling; the sarcasm subtle, almost impalpable. There is not a trace of moralizing in these plays, merely a cool, skeptical indifference.

To this period belong works like *La comida de las fieras* (The Feast of the Beasts), a cool, unflinching analysis of the cruelty and cynicism underlying a worldly society which are revealed on the occasion of the ruin of one of its members. To this same period belong other broader works in which an attempt at social reform rises out of the negative criticism. In *Lo cursi*, for instance, he ridicules one of the most imaginary yet deep-rooted apprehensions of fashionable society the world over in its Spanish form: the fear of being *cursi*. *Cursi* is slang and untranslatable. It is as different from *snob* as Spanish society from English. In *La Gobernadora* (The Governor's Wife) he attacks the moral hypocrisy of an immoral society.

Strange to say, it was this very cynical, decadent society that first acclaimed Benavente. It delighted in the delicacy and perfection of its own unflattering portrait. But with these satires Benavente could never have won the general public. His art was too refined, too subtle to become really popular. And so at first his success was confined to a small audience sufficiently cultivated to appreciate him.

Benavente was, however, more than just a satirist. Very soon his vision grew broader and deeper and his works took on a moral and a human significance. They contain not merely amusing jesting at the world we live in, but an ideal for a better humanity. A poet full of compassion for the weak and the suffering is revealed in the stinging satirist. His irony grows kindlier, more tolerant; and although the spectator is still invited to laugh at the ridiculous and despise the mean and malicious, there is in these works a spirit of human sympathy which inclines him toward tolerance and pity. It was at this juncture that he stepped out of the narrow bounds of Madrid society to paint a more varied, freer world in *La noche del sábado*, 1903. This was a great success among the limited audience of his admirers, though not a popular one. *Rosas de otoño* (Autumn Roses), 1905, fared better. In this Benavente's philosophy of life finds expression. It is based on a belief in the virtues of self-sacrifice,

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resignation and forgiveness, which qualities he assigns his feminine characters. Strangely, Benavente almost always sees the nobler side of life through his women. The perspicacity of his analysis of the feminine soul, and his entire freedom from sex prejudice, constitute one of the innovations of his art.

That same year he achieved his first really popular success with *Los malhechores del bien* (The Evil-Doers of Good). This is a satirical comedy, but its criticism is constructive. By throwing into high relief the belittling of charity and philanthropy by those who exercise them without feeling their significance, these virtues are even more stoutly affirmed. At the time it was believed that the work had been written as a piece of anti-clerical propaganda. This showed a lack of comprehension of Benavente's art, then wholly free from all spirit of thesis or controversy. The play's appeal to a popular audience lay in the depth of the theme and the vivid, realistic way it was presented. Benavente's world had grown; it was no longer the one social class, or the cosmopolitan, somewhat artificial society he had been portraying thitherto. Here were all strata of society, upper, middle and lower, the last painted with as much vigor as the first with refinement. And there was in the work a spirit essentially and eternally Spanish, perhaps the strongest element in the Spanish character: hatred of the Pharisee, the professional reformer, who tries to improve others without being better himself; and coupled with this antipathy, pity, compassion, even tolerance for human frailities.

Since then Benavente's talent has developed with astounding vigor and variety. The most diverse tendencies of the modern drama, the most contrasting emotions, characters and conflicts, have found expression in works of high order. It would be difficult to answer the very American and very natural question, which is his best work. The author seems to prefer *Señora ama* (The Mistress), a simple drama of passions that verge on the tragic, the scene of which is laid in the country far from urban refinements and conventions. The public and the critics have selected two other works on which to lavish their admiration. Opinions on *Los intereses Creados* (The Bonds of Interest) seem unanimous; *La Malquerida* has fervent admirers and hardly less

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vehement denigrators. These two works have been played before the American public. The latter, whose title became *The Passion Flower*, was the only one that really reached the public. The first, though warmly praised, was not understood. This is hardly strange, for the actors themselves failed to grasp it. It would have been truly amazing had they caught without any preparation so subtle and ultra-refined a work by a foreigner who waited years and years before the public of his own country understood him. When *Los Intereses Creados* was presented in 1907, the Spanish public could understand and savor it because it had had some thirteen years of preparation, embracing about fifty plays by the same author. *La Malquerida* made the same easy immediate impression on the American public—probably because of its very defects—as on the Spanish. It is an unusual work for Benavente; a tragic drama on classic lines without real national bearing or spirit, although the scene is laid among Spanish peasants of today. But Benavente's peasants are neither Spanish nor of any particular nationality. His country is conventional, without real feeling. The theme itself is an old one: that of Phædra and Hippolytus, but reversed. Here the father falls in love with his step-daughter, and the stark, terrible tragedy which ensues is calculated to move the stoutest heart. Benavente's dramatic talent and theatrical skill reach their culmination in this work. But we stand before it perplexed, uncertain whether we have here a profound, genuine tragedy, or a cunningly contrived, calculatingly designed "thriller". The very existence of this doubt is in itself a bad sign. The fact is that since then Benavente has shown symptoms of a frank decadence. There is a symbolic, moralizing tone about his latter works which does not accord with his earlier art. He enjoys a greater popularity than ever among the very people he had so sharply and keenly satirized in his first plays. But the intellectual minority has shown apathy toward this last phase of Benavente's dramatic art. Artificial and false, they label it. Benavente himself once said: "Only God and my artistic conscience know that when we moralize we have to lie."

Los Intereses Creados seems to the public and to me to represent the high-water mark of Benavente's achievement, the culmina-

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tion and synthesis of his entire labor. Unlike the rest of his work, it is not a portrayal of contemporary society, although the ideas and emotions, the conceptions of the world and life, are those he has been developing throughout his earlier work. Here, however, they are presented without the limitations of time and space, with a simplicity and intensity really classic. In the manner of the ancient farce, the Italian *commedia dell' arte*, the characters, seemingly exaggerated and artless puppets, reveal the threads that move men in real life, the good and evil passions that inspire human actions. An astute, sagacious observer of the workings of the human heart, the rogue Crispín—who has nothing of Sancho Panza, as the actor who played him in New York seemed to think, but descends from the line of Mother Celestina and the *pícaros*—is the central figure of the play. It is he who pulls all the wires, who puts into motion all the passions, not in his own interest, but in the service of his companion of adventures, who in the scheme of the play has the rôle of master. And he really is the master because he is capable of lofty sentiments, idealism, and the generosity of love.

This type of broad comprehensive interpretation of life, which seeks out the lower forms of humanity and existence to find in them moral and æsthetic beauty, is the essence of the so-called Spanish realism: it is Velazquez's and Cervantes's æsthetic concept. Benavente's work is a modern expression of the same principle, and therefore essentially Spanish in spirit.

There is every reason to believe, in so far as one can judge of one's contemporaries, that the work of Benavente will be incorporated into the classic store of Spanish literature as the most original and valuable contribution to the drama of the day. An author of his rank well deserves the attention he has begun to receive abroad, and which will undoubtedly increase in the future. It is to be hoped that Benavente's visit to the United States, on his way home from a brilliant tour of Spanish America, will stimulate the public's interest in his personality and lead to a still better acquaintance with his works.

FEDERICO DE ONIS.

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THE MULTITUDE:

AN APPRECIATION OF ALICE MEYNELL

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

She roams maternal hills, and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

The Shepherdess.

"To be clever and sensitive and to hurt the foolish and the stolid—wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world? Not I, by this heavenly light." Here in this middle world, of which the greatest of modern critics has written, where is neither heaven nor hell for the multitude, where the stolid and foolish fear much, suffer, show courage, and are men, Alice Meynell, too, found the refusals, the shadows of the things which are loved and dreaded, the energy, the loveliness, the last curiosity of life. Here is her morality which was sympathy, for she took the object so commonplace in daily living and about it shed beauty and attractiveness; in it she descried not only the evident loveliness but also the hidden relation between physical and spiritual law. A fringe of city grass; or the human foot, its articulation suppressed, its language confused, yet still instinct with love for the cool, sweet lap of earth; or a woman riding a bicycle in a city thoroughfare, "dull but ready," those "who have neither the open secret nor the close; no reserve, no need of refuge, no flight nor impulse of flight; no moods but what they may have out in the street, no hope of news from solitary counsels,"—the multitude with no part in the multitude of peace, these were the experiences in which Mrs. Meynell found wealth. Always the thought of the multitude haunts her poetry as well as her prose:

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A futile crop!—for it the fire
Smoulders, and, for a stack, a pyre.
So go the town's lives on the breeze,
Even as the sheddings of the trees;
Bosom nor barn is filled with these.

Out of such thoughts about futility and defeat, she gave of her largesse. Through her we have come to know how generous in its relation to other life a little thing, a common vicissitude, may be. Yet in the midst of tumult, watching the faces of the crowd, she longed for solitude:

If there is a look of human eyes that tells of perpetual loneliness, so there is also the familiar look that is the sign of perpetual crowds. It is the London expression, and, in its way, the Paris expression. It is the quickly caught, though not interested, look, the dull but ready glance of those who do not know of their forfeited place apart.

In the midst of what is tawdry, cheap, vulgar, she meditated on innocence:

Obviously, Experience can be nothing except personal and separate; and Innocence of singularly solitary quality is his who does not dip his hands into other men's histories, and does not give to his own word the common sanction of other men's summaries and conclusions. Therefore I bind Innocence and Experience in one, and take them as a sign of the necessary and noble isolation of man from man—of his uniqueness. . . . Perfect personal distinctness of Experience would be in literature a delicate Innocence. Not a passage of cheapness, of greed, of assumption, of sloth, or of any such sins in the work of him whose love-poetry were thus true, and whose *pudeur* of personality thus simple and inviolate. This is the private man, in other words the gentleman, who will neither love nor remember in common.

Yet all mob "thinking" is based on conclusions which have been established among men over long periods of time. Not only are the words of the crowd given the sanction of other men's deductions: their whole action is such a deduction. Thought is a process which has little to do with conclusion, for the conclusion once reached the process of thinking is over. In a sense even the "private man" does not exist the direction of whose mind is not guided by conclusion established by the experience of humanity. The shepherding of the multitude was so close, so catholic a burden in Mrs. Meynell's heart. Nevertheless in this dictum she was undemocratic.

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It should not be forgotten that Socrates was put to death because he did not believe in the gods the city believed in. And in a sense Mrs. Meynell, conservative, unprogressive though she was, never believed in these "gods of the city". It was rather in the courage of her regard for human nature, in the unique rejections she made, in the measure of her word and wisdom, that her treasure lay. Excessive praise of Coventry Patmore, unequal discrimination of Dickens, phrases which reveal phrase-making, words which spell preciosity, trick of epigram, the suggestion that, sometimes, sanction for experience is found in expression, can well be forgotten, but not the tender discernment which condemns our shabbiness of spirit, that flagellation of our sordidness, insincerity, vulgarity. Walking, a child of process, among modern men and women, in her criticism of life she spoke in *I Am the Way* with the gentleness of a Saint Francis:

Thou art the Way.
Hadst Thou been nothing but the goal,
I cannot say
If Thou hadst ever met my soul.

I cannot see—
I, child of process—if there lies
An end for me,
Full of repose, full of replies.

I'll not reproach
The road that winds, my feet that err.
Access, approach,
Art Thou, time, way, and wayfarer.

She had courage for adventure, too; she could be a discoverer of new things in old ways, if necessary become reformer. The vulgarity of the women in *The Vicar of Wakefield* did not escape her disdain simply because for some one hundred years mankind had been willing to accept Goldsmith's own estimate of the Primrose ladies. The vulgarity of vulgar eyelids did not elude her, those eyelids with "a slang all their own, of an intolerable kind". Nor does the vulgar American go free. If the English can help it, the "vulgar American" never does go free! With young idealism, I used to think vulgarity a thing of caste or class.

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I know now that vulgarity may be equally possessed by duchess or by cook; by an American or an Englishman. It is not national. In Americans she condemned those things of life which are "mentally inexpensive", for vulgarities are the result not of being *un*-civilized but of being *de*-civilized. She commented in her critique of Oliver Wendell Holmes upon American cottage worldliness, "the routine of abundant and common comforts achieved by a distressing household industry, the shrillness, the unrest, the best-parlor emulation, the ungraceful vanity, of Americans of the countryside and the country-town; upon their affections made vulgar by undemonstrativeness, and their consciences made vulgar by demonstrativeness—their kindness by reticence, and their religion by candor."

Assuredly such religiosity—and the word covers the opposite of "candor"—as may be found in *The Fugitive* and *In Portugal* are not natural to Americans. For us, still, the word "candor", either in religious or in social honesty, is something for which, if need be, we would go gladly to prison. . . . Pastoral religious imagery—the figure of the shepherd—is common to Alice Meynell's poetry. The motif is religious, I am sure. In *The Unexpected Peril*, the once clear, delicate spirituality of the figure of the shepherdess as she used it, has become deliberate and labored morality. So far had she travelled in the subtleties of religion that at times religion has become as *precieuse* as her phrase. Altogether lost is the simple compelling spirituality of her *Shepherdess*.

Of deliberate and labored moral judgments, Mrs. Meynell was sometimes guilty. No one with the scientist's conscience could possibly put the two stanzas of *Messina, 1908*, together. Here is the evident labor of both the moralist and the religious zealot. There are many religious poems in her later poetry—too many, for the simple reason that poetry is not primarily religious. It is primarily poetry or it is nothing—"nothing" in art being equivalent to saying that it is second-rate. Yet Alice Meynell herself knew so well that the first and greatest poetry is the poetry that is lived. She must have known that in a sense the morality of a poem is negligible—it so often is! The function of the poem is not action or reason but singing,

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self-expression, beauty. A poem is above morality. Except where it fails as art, censure is out of place. It is at this point that all moralists grow alarmed. What need to be? One step further in thinking, and it is so plain that in its influence on human beings all great poetry insensibly passes over into a problem of conduct. . . . Part and parcel of the ethical and the religious tendencies in her poetry is its instinctive asceticism, revealing itself in the frequent use of such words as "rejection" and "refusal". . . .

Among the most prized of my letters is one from Mrs. Meynell in which she wrote: "I wish *Kubla Khan* had never been written at such a price. If I could write a masterpiece at such a price, God forbid it me." Here is the burdened thought of the moralist. . . . But about her there was at times a sort of high spiritual gaiety very appealing even when it bears the imprint of the moralist. I am thinking of such poems as *The Shepherdess*, and also of Mrs. Meynell's translation, *The Joyous Wanderer*.

Side by side with narrow refusal either to seek for or investigate certain types of truth,—a refusal which she shared with Coventry Patmore who influenced her greatly,—are curiously brilliant flashes of interpretation. She wrote in *The Child of Tumult:* "It is only in childhood that our race knows such physical abandonment to sorrow and tears, as a child's despair; and the theatre with us must needs copy childhood if it would catch the note and action of a creature without hope." And she said of language: "It seemed to be forgotten that a language with all its construction visible is a language little fitted for the more advanced mental processes." Certainly her "language" will bear and reward many years of love. In her essays are splendid encounters between Latin and English words, proud-sailing Elizabethan sentences, abstract words used in peculiarly concrete ways, the gauging of the full value of a single elision, the balancing of the chords of sentences, the perfect use of rhetorical question and summary. It may not be said that she lacked in personal and spiritual courage. But in intellectual courage I think she did lack when she wrote:

> Art and Nature are complementary; in relation, not in confusion, with one another. And all this officious cleverness in seeing round the corner, as it

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were, of a thing presented by literary art in the flat—(the borrowing of similes from other arts is of evil tendency; but let this pass, as it is apt)—is but another sign of the general lack of a sense of the separation between Nature and her sentient mirror in the mind.

As our knowledge of the physique of life becomes subtler, boundary lines become more difficult to detect. Even as it may be said that a poem, which as such has nothing to do with morality, nevertheless passes over into a problem of conduct, so are the arts contiguous merging into one another, and so are man and nature contiguous, merging into one another, and similarly contiguous are the material and spiritual facts of experience. As far as Browning was concerned, the fate of Pippa was based on sentiment: with Meredith it was based on something quite different: "You destroy the poetry of Sentiment, Doctor Middleton," said Whitford. "To invigorate the poetry of nature," came the reply. Poetry has no greater illustration of high pantheistical truth than Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey*, in which as his inspiration mounts the printed book seems to lose its opacity and become translucent. Who in this poem shall say at what point that "separation between Nature and her sentient mirror in the mind" becomes a fact?

Mrs. Meynell's perception of beauty is full of social feeling; even the exquisite poem *Meditation* with its touch of Mariolatry is conceived in the spirit of the general life. She penetrated to the heart of the matter in her criticism of the Japanese ideal of beauty when she wrote: "What the Japanese are intent upon is perpetual slight disorder. . . . The art of such a people is not liberal art, not the art of peace, and not the art of humanity." In her work the London street gamin has not lost the child's identity with nature. These pictures of the life of a thoroughfare are what every man who runs can see they are; but she saw more, for they are idyllic, pastoral:

The little figure of the London boy it is that has restored to the landscape the human color of life. He is allowed to come out of all his ignominies, and to take the late color of the midsummer northwest evening, on the borders of the Serpentine. At the stroke of eight he sheds the slough of nameless colors—all allied to the hues of dust, soot, and fog, which are the colors the world has chosen for its boys—and he makes, in his hundreds, a bright and delicate flush

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between the grey-blue water and the grey-blue sky. Clothed now with the sun, he is crowned by-and-by with twelve stars as he goes to bathe, and the reflection of an early moon is under his feet. . . . So little stands between a gamin and all the dignities of nature. They are so quickly restored. There seems to be nothing to do, but only a little thing to undo. . . . All the squalor is gone in a moment, kicked off with the second boot, and the child goes shouting to complete the landscape with the lacking color of life. . . . Old ivory and wild rose in the deepening midsummer sun, he gives his colors to his world again.

The virtue of figurative speech at its source was Alice Meynell's, and that speech was so large a part of the poetry of her prose. It was like George Meredith, that friend of hers, to let a woman say, as Diana does: "The art of the pen is to rouse the inward vision, instead of laboring with a drop-scene brush, as if it were to the eye; because our flying minds cannot contain a protracted description. That is why the poets, who spring imagination with a word or phrase, paint lasting pictures." With what ascription in "agile" of a bodily, almost muscular life to the air, Alice Meynell said that to the waters of wells the "agile air" has perpetual access—beautiful embodiment starting into existence at the very thought of the dull secret of city water where the plumber "sets his seal upon the floods." The wind of the world she saw "nimble and eager" in a sorry London street; and her eyes are glad at the blooming of the "little, common, prosperous road" with the grass that has yielded prettily to asphalt and yet taken leave to live and let live on the strip of ground next to the asphalt. Long ago I noted her love for the footfall that is on grass,—for the grass that is unclipped and which comes to its predestined point. Long ago I loved her rebellion against the engineer's method for carrying water, and delighted in the lance she would break with any farmer in behalf of the thistle. Long ago I smiled over the landowner who has his doubts whether the reeds are his, as I have whether a tree is ever mine. I could as easily believe that I owned a star as a tree. No more exquisite description of rain has ever been written than in the essay of hers called *Rain*, and no words more brilliantly descriptive than these:

The long stroke of the raindrop, which is the drop and its path at once, being our impression of a shower, shows us how certainly our impression is

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the effect of the lagging, and not of the haste, of our senses. What we are apt to call our quick impression is rather our sensibly tardy, unprepared, surprised, outrun, lightly bewildered sense of things that flash and fall, wink, and are overpast and renewed, while the gentle eyes of man hesitate and mingle the beginning with the close.

And she thought of the clouds of the familiar earth and sky as they are seen sometimes "on a sunny evening in Regent Street." Of the cloud she wrote: "Its own beauty is unaltered where it has no earthly beauty to improve. It is always great: above the street, above the suburbs, above the gasworks and the stucco—above the faces of painted white houses."

There is no eminent poetry—indeed, no prose—without a strong sense of place. The feet even of Shelley knew what it was to love passionately the turf of cool Italian hills. Like the childhood described in *The Children*, Mrs. Meynell had that sense too keenly for perfect peace, and her thought, with the little tract of pasture, took wing to the head of mountain valleys. This spirit of place speaks in many ways, "in a prevalent wind," "in a far street-cry," in cathedral bells. To her, long white roads had intimations and prophecies of the untraveled soul of town or city. In the wind, in a street-cry, in bells, fugitive suggestions of the clamor of human life, of "earth's untethered sounds," never wholly articulate, never precisely described, but as dear and familiar to our ears as is the earth itself to our eyes. Like the flow and subsidence of light these sounds swing between sleeping and waking, and in our dreams the echo of them tolls with I know not what meaning of the passing of the world. To Alice Meynell the stir of civilization was full of poetry—that rhythm, that periodicity of life, which is not only in the poetry of Shelley but which moves more solemnly in the flow and ebb of Arnold's poems; "those intervals between aspirations, between actions" in the lives of men, "the gaiety that takes us by a dear surprise," the sorrow that was with us yesterday and will be tomorrow, but which today we can bear.

And as she thought of the honors of workmanship, so again the thought was of the common lot, the multitude. She could write. Yes, but far better, she could live. For many years

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professionally a journalist, she made no withdrawals from the world, created no vacuum in human affairs that she might paint imaginary portraits. Like the rare character in *A Remembrance*, she desired no differences from other men, no remembrance, but only "loss among the innumerable forgotten." Here is no strife either for an unnatural equipoise or for immortality which desire shall not constrain, but rather here is a spirit of submission to daily oblivion. A child of process, she herself has shown an honorable and "dignified alacrity to do her best, daily, for the 'process', and for oblivion," and has, I venture to affirm, written some essays which will last longer than Richard Jefferies's and as long as Lamb's.

All appraisals are but "significant trivialities" in comparison with the message of her own essay and of her poem. To Alice Meynell the last curiosity was not of art but of life itself; it is the disparity between destiny and nature; the trivial transmission of a life that is nevertheless great, the vulgar experience of love that is none the less real, the "heroic virtue" of death committed to the keeping of us all; the gravity of mortality greater than that of immortality. It is the lesson in the averages of life and death that means most, "the difficult peace of suspense" which her *Woman in Grey* had learned, willing companionship in common chances, common security, common hope—this faith in, this compassion for, the multitude. It is but necessary to use her own phrases to discover those things she valued most. Like a child my mind has kept step with hers for many years, and like a child it still runs beside her, looking up, using her living words, following her thought. In the "running" I have lost account of time; and now, they say, she is dead. . . . *Tribulation, Immortality, the Multitude!*

JEANNETTE MARKS.

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UNITY IN EDUCATION

BY EDWARD P. WARNER

When the historian of the future undertakes to sum up the salient points of the times in which we live, he must set forth as one of his leading facts: "In this period education became a concern of the people." Though a substantially universal opportunity for common school education has been reached long before the beginning of the twentieth century, the mass of the population accepted without comment or criticism whatever the local school board might provide, and when education was brought to the attention of the ordinary citizen at all it came through the medium of spread eagle oratory extolling the little red school house as the cornerstone of our greatness. Today, no subject is more discussed. Whatever we read, wherever we go, there beat insistently upon us the contentions of the propagandists for this form of training or that, the pleas of those who advocate "classical" or "commercial", "cultural" or "vocational", education. The awakening has been slow, but there has finally come full realization that no people who provide only for quantity of education, and leave type and method largely to hazard or to the dictation of a professional pedagogue obsessed by a hobby, can long compete with others who make those matters a serious concern. Modern life is so intense that we may not safely diffuse our energies, and the use of the time in each person's life devoted to systematic study must be planned to yield a maximum result with a minimum of effort if there is to be packed into that brief period even a minute fraction of what is admittedly desirable. It is through the few years of formal education that the mental trends of later life are shaped, and it should be among the first duties of every citizen to do whatever is possible to increase the effectiveness for good of those few years. Education's greatest gain in recent years lies in the general recognition and acceptance of this duty, which is by no means confined to those directly

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responsible for the education of some individual, nor even to those whose taxes go to support the schools, but extends to every man and woman having at heart the wellbeing of the nation and of the world as a whole.

A curious analogy can be traced between the requirements for an effective education and those three principles of unity, coherence, and emphasis which rhetoric texts list as the basis of good writing. The question of emphasis in education is essentially a matter of arrangement of curriculum, and that has been debated at such length and with such heat by the respective defenders of classical and "modern", or semi-vocational, education that one may well despair of finding anything new to offer. The other two, the maintenance of unity and coherence, however, have been singularly overlooked.

The two can be treated essentially as a single problem. That problem is to establish all branches of educational endeavor in their proper relation to each other in a single system, a system which must be so perfectly planned that no part can be taken away and nothing can be added without damaging the symmetry of the whole.

It is perhaps not to be wondered at that the student fails to gain a sense of the interrelations of his studies. The teaching of each subject as a separate entity, depending only on certain directly preparatory subjects in virtually the same field and leading only to a final examination as the goal, virtually precludes the gaining of any such sense. An attempt to treat scholastic work as though it were divided into a multiplicity of water-tight compartments can hardly have any other result.

The vital factors in securing unity and in impressing upon the student the amazing extent of the network of interconnections and mutual dependencies which binds all human knowledge together, fall under two main heads. There must be kept ever in mind and emphasized at each opportunity the relations between each of those branches and the "practical" problems of the non-academic world.

One need not seek far, whether the quest be started among the sciences, the linguistic subjects, or in the field of social sciences and philosophy, to find a multitude of interrelations between

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subjects in the same general field. In some cases, indeed, such as that of physics and mathematics, the affinity is so close that it is impossible for the most casual student to overlook it. The relations between the vocabularies and constructions of the languages of the world, while less continuously obvious, are no less striking at times, particularly when there appear resemblances so unexpected as those between the tongues of the early Aztecs and of the Japanese, which have been pointed out by Baron Rosen. The usefulness of at least a smattering knowledge of philology in developing linguistic attainments has come to be generally understood.

Of more interest to us here, however, because they are capable of being most useful in keeping up the student's interest and giving him a background, are the links between subjects much less directly connected than those just cited. To choose first the example which is most notorious at the present time, it is rapidly coming to be understood that the teaching of history is intimately bound up with a score of other subjects. The earnest followers of H. G. Wells expound at length the necessity for a biological basis for history, a conception quite undreamed of except by a few enthusiastic specialists a decade ago. History admittedly cannot be understood if it is attempted to separate the happenings in a single district or country or continent from the record of contemporary events in the rest of the world. The connections are, however, broader than this. Political history is meaningless unless its study is carried on in conjunction with that of economic development and of the sciences. The secrets of the military successes and failure of three centuries in Europe are to be found, not in a tabulation of names of monarchs and dates of battles, but in the physical geography of Belgium and Eastern France. The first waning of the Napoleonic star, when the Grand Army was turned back from Moscow, was chargeable not to any strategic genius of Bonaparte's adversaries but to natural conditions whose study lies within the domain of meteorology. Three centuries ago a king might take a nation to war to gain the favor of a pretty courtesan. Today, international rivalries deal with and wars grow from the ceaseless struggle for the possession of natural resources. The geologist has succeeded the

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adventurers who sailed with Frobisher and Drake, and the search for gold has become prosaic beside the newer quests for molybdenum, nitrates, tungsten, and oil. Since political history, in its broadest sense, is the study of the acts of statesmen and of the factors which motivate those acts, most branches of natural science are really inextricably intertwined with history and essential to its full comprehension.

Enough has been said to demonstrate beyond cavil the folly of trying to teach or to learn the history of nations and of their relations with each other without keeping parallel with that study the study of scientific and economic development. No study is so interesting, to say nothing of having such potentialities for usefulness, when undertaken for itself alone as when it is viewed in its proper relations to the rest of the world, and those relations often crop out in the most unexpected places. It is well known by students of mathematics, for example, that certain higher branches of that science are so closely allied to philosophy as to make it practically impossible to draw a sharp line between the two subjects, yet the average man surely thinks of mathematicians and philosophers as having little in common. Music, too, when the theory of composition is really analyzed, appears as a subject essentially mathematical, composing being a problem in the assembling of tones whose pitch characteristics form certain harmonic ratios.

It would be profitless and wearisome to multiply examples in demonstration of a thesis so obvious, but the frequency with which the desirability of some unification is wholly overlooked makes it worth while to offer a few more. Among the most amusing relations is that between philology and meteorology, a relation which has been invoked by certain philologists who ascribe differences in general form of language to differences in climate. While the soft breezes of the South Seas have led to the development, in the indigenous tongues, of such gentle and vowel-laden nouns as Kilauea and Rarotonga, ukulele and Waikiki, the more arduous climate of North Central and Eastern Europe, requiring that speech be carried on in winter with a minimum displacement of the lips and tongue, has been responsible for Przasnysz and Przemysl and others of that ilk. Another

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illustration which has recently been brought forcibly to the front lies purely in the domain of science. Numerous zoölogists and ornithologists, amateur and professional, have delivered opinions on the flight of birds, and some of those who have undertaken to explain the phenomena of flight have displayed not only their own complete ignorance of physics but also an astonishing failure to recognize that the motions of an animal, whether on land, or water or in the air, are subject to ordinary physical laws and can be interpreted only by one familiar alike with those laws and with the nature of the animal. Here again the moral is pointed that no field of knowledge is isolated and that no specialist can be sufficient unto himself.

This is but one aspect of the theory of unity in education. The most important tasks which lie before educators at the present time are to increase the efficiency of teaching and learning and to develop in the student a greater enthusiasm in pursuit of his studies. The latter of those aims can best be attained by demonstrating at every opportunity the intimacy of the bonds between academic work and other interests. The tendency to talk of theory and practice as though they were two entirely separate things existing in different worlds is far too widespread. The average scholar and those responsible for his welfare have turned away from that mild acquiescence with which mathematics and the classics were accepted in the last century on the theory that they were mental discipline or that all knowledge was desirable in itself. The pressure on the curriculum has become too great to permit the continuance of such an attitude. The fact that most pupils and their parents regard education primarily as an avenue of preparation for living and earning a living in a workaday world cannot be shirked, and the views and arguments of educators must be adjusted accordingly. With multitudinous subjects of undoubted direct practical value clamoring for admission to the course of study, "mental discipline" and even "broad culture" can hardly expect a general sympathetic hearing.

The most fundamental objection that can be raised against vocational education of the extreme type is not that it fails to provide broad culture but that it fails to afford a satisfactorily

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complete basis even for successful specialization. Vocational education often exemplifies that commonest of human faults, the tendency to seek to go straight from the formulation of a desire to its perfect fulfilment, omitting all the foundation work and intermediate steps on which any real attainment must be based. That tendency seems to grow ever more aggravated as the mechanism which surrounds our life grows more complex, but that the problem is not a new one is attested by Shakespeare's having written, three centuries ago, of that "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself and falls on th' other side". We o'erleap ourselves still.

We err grievously if, on the one hand, we fancy that the formal teaching of physics or algebra or almost any other subject can be brushed lightly aside and replaced by practical shop courses. We err no less if, taking the other extreme path, we allow our devotion to the beauty of a particular branch of study, our desire to preserve its purity unblemished by the slightest suggestion of practical usefulness, to lead us to present it to the eye of the student as a thing set apart in splendid isolation from the ordinary affairs of mankind. The second of these flaws is found most often in the teaching of mathematics and the modern languages, but no subject is immune. The inferiority of Americans as linguists is notorious, and the cause should be as obvious as the fact. It is useless to hope that we, as a nation, can gain any proficiency in foreign languages so long as French and German grammar are taught as feats of mental gymnastics and with no apparent reference to the French and German languages as media for the transference of thought between human beings. We have all known students who had lived in some foreign country and spoke the language fluently, yet could not pass a college examination in it, while high marks in examinations were secured by others wholly unable to carry on an intelligible conversation.

The natural and mathematical sciences form the group of subjects most easily related to practical concerns and most vitally important in connection with preparation for almost any non-professional vocation. Nevertheless, strangely enough, the teaching of that very group of subjects has been more vigorously attacked by advocates of the new in education than has that of

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any other group save possibly the classical languages. The seeming contradiction between the great practical usefulness of the sciences, particularly those which are primarily mathematical in their nature, and the contumely which has been heaped upon them by avowed advocates of practicality, cease to amaze when one examines the methods commonly pursued in teaching. Algebra, instead of being a fascinating subject opening the way to all sorts of interesting knowledge otherwise unattainable, has become a dreary round punctuated with foolish questions dealing with the ability of two wholly uninteresting characters named A and B to complete in x days a piece of work of unspecified nature. An inspection of a few of the algebra texts commonly used in high schools does not reveal more than one problem out of every ten which has any conceivable relation to any question likely to arise in the practical affairs of life. Such a condition seems almost incredible in view of the ease of devising problems not only practical but also interesting and giving answers which can be judged by their reasonableness—problems dealing with such important matters as the handicapping of running races, the dimensions of engines, the rating of racing yachts, the distance that "Babe" Ruth can bat a ball, and the speed shown by an end in "getting down under a kick". The average schoolboy's chief interests lie in sport and elementary mechanics, and his interest in his school work will increase in direct proportion to the strength of the bond established between such work and those engrossing subjects.

Algebra is a particularly pronounced example of a subject often badly, because uninterestingly, taught, but what is true of algebra is true in large degree of many other subjects. The physical sciences are of course easily linked to sports and the principles of operation of simple mechanical devices. The physics books which now devote many pages to the description of experiments performed by Galileo, Torricelli, and Volta might better yield some of that space to explanations of the curving of a baseball, the flight of an airplane, and the actual operation of the incandescent light, wireless telephone, and pocket camera. The secondary school textbooks now available in physics and chemistry are, to be sure, far less serious offenders in such respects

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than are those dealing with the more mathematical branches of science, but even they are not free from reproach. A high school student of my acquaintance once confronted a physics examination containing the question: "Should the glasses used to neutralize shortsightedness have concave or convex lenses?" The student in question was a sufferer from shortsightedness and was wearing glasses designed to correct the defect, but it never occurred to him to feel of the lenses and so answer the question by practical trial. The ethics of obtaining the solution in such a manner need not be discussed here, but it was no honorable scruple that prevented the student from securing an answer certainly correct. He was so fixed in the idea of school work as something purely abstract and isolated that it never occurred to him that the answer to a problem of the classroom might be found from a source quite distinct from that or any other classroom.

I recently had another amusing illustration of the yawning gap between education and life when I sought to purchase an outline map of Europe. The only ones available appeared to date from about the time of the Franco-Prussian War, and the young man in charge of the school supply department tartly replied to my inquiry: "You know the schools don't recognize the new European boundaries." I asked him if the schools with which he was familiar recognized the existence of the late European war, but he refused to see anything funny in his own remark.

What can be done in the direction of harnessing education to practical needs is best illustrated by the history of the teaching of economics. It is a great stride from the days when political economy was dubbed the "dismal science" to the present, when consulting economists form a part of the staff of every great financial enterprise, but the change has been simple in its nature. It came when those who taught and wrote of economics diminished their philosophizing on the exact nature of economic laws and began to give a part of their time to interpreting the same fundamental principles in terms of the balance of foreign trade and the analysis of bank statements.

The fact that education is a process which should continue throughout life is slowly gaining general recognition. Refer-

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ences to a college graduate as having finished his education are beginning to fall strangely on our ears. The spread of this very important idea of education as a thing continuous and unceasing can be most effectively helped, however, by emphasizing on every occasion the relation between scholastic training and business or recreation. It is too much to expect that a man either exceedingly busy or rather indolent will, of his own volition, pursue further the investigation of school subjects which seem to him at best to be merely decorative and at worst to lack even that doubtful merit. The only hope of making education, as it should be, the primary concern of the community lies in showing ordinary citizens how they can find in school books the answers to their ordinary problems.

In some cases, of course, and for some subjects it is difficult to demonstrate a direct useful application. Recourse must then be had to indirect methods and to that emphasis of the real and surprising unity of the curriculum to which extended allusion has already been made. For example, every man engaged in business, whether his rank be high or low, has a natural interest in present business and financial conditions and future prospects. Business conditions here depend, in a large and growing degree, on foreign trade opportunities. Those opportunities depend on the political and economic status of the foreign states, and a clear understanding of their politics can only be based on knowledge of their history. The interpretation of history, in turn, drags in geology and climate, racial variations and linguistic differences, and so on almost without limit. The links that bind these multifarious branches of knowledge together are no finespun webs of theories, but are very real and palpable chains of mutual and successive causes and effects. When American teachers begin definitely to center their attention on such chains as these, treating them as veritable life lines, a new vista of opportunity for service will open before our secondary schools.

EDWARD P. WARNER.

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A BACKWATER OF ROMANTICISM

BY ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

THE Rue de la Vieille Lanterne, one of the most unsavory streets of Old Paris, no longer exists except in the lithographs of Gustave Doré and Celestin Nanteuil. Its place is now occupied by the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt. No one regrets its disappearance, for it had no claim on the affections of antiquarians. It was famous, or rather notorious, for only one thing—the suicide of Gérard de Nerval. On the morning of February 26, 1855, a man was seen hanging from one of the lower windows of a sordid rooming house. If the first passer-by had been quick enough, he might still have found traces of life, but by the time the gendarmes arrived it was too late. There was nothing to do but cut down the body, send it to the Morgue, and search the pockets for identification. Who was it? Evidently an author, a dreamer of strange dreams to judge from the manuscript found on him, one who had known the inside of a *maison de santé* and had apparently been allowed out too soon. Later in the day Théophile Gautier recognized the body as that of *le bon* Gérard. There is no reason to suppose that he was the victim of foul play. Gérard had no enemies beyond his own dreams, and besides, his thoughts were known to have been running along dangerous channels for a long time. The very letters in his pocket told of an impulse to throw himself into the Seine, and obviously when the suicidal mania attacked him again he had succumbed. Romanticism, the longing for the unknown and the invisible, had reached its logical conclusion.

"*Dans l'armée romantique*," says Théophile Gautier, "*comme dans l'armée d'Italie tout le monde était jeune.*" Napoleon was only twenty-six when he led his ragged soldiers into the plains of Lombardy; Victor Hugo was under thirty when he rocked the literary world with *Hernani*. Without pressing the parallel too far, it is surely not fantastic to see some resemblance between the

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promised land of Italy and the rich pastures of romanticism. Granted the brilliant leadership, both could be won by enthusiasm and courage, but in neither case could assistance be expected from the outside. If the Army of Italy succeeded, it was not thanks to the wiseacres in the Directory, nor was Victor Hugo indebted to any literary patron for his victory over the outworn forms of classicism.

In the year 1830 France was blessed or cursed, according to the point of view, with a bourgeois King. Louis Philippe walked about the streets in plain clothes, carried an aggressively plebeian umbrella, and wore a shabby hat pulled down over his eyes. If he had been acting the part of a commercial traveller in private theatricals he could not have succeeded better. It was a bold bid for popularity, but it showed a pitiful ignorance of national psychology. The generation that had been, as Musset puts it, "*conçus entre deux batailles, élevés aux roulements des tambours,*" was not likely to be fascinated by an insignificant little man who clutched at his horse's mane with one hand while returning the salute with the other. Is it to be wondered at that the young men born during the Consulate and the Empire should have inherited an appetite for glory? And is it surprising that with their splendid heritage of adventure they were not content to follow the great high roads of tradition?

In the 'thirties youth was almost a synonym for extravagance. "*Épater les bourgeois*" was the dearest wish of every young man who felt a spark of genius within him. To be sure, it was not a very difficult task. Gautier's crimson waistcoat, Victor Hugo's preface to *Cromwell*, announcing his adherence to Shakespeare rather than to Racine—these were the things that shocked the sensibilities of the whole community. Night after night the Théâtre Français went into an uproar over the line, "*Est-il minuit? Minuit bientôt.*" The idea of a King asking what time it was in the very words a shopkeeper might use was preposterous. And then the reply, "*Minuit bientôt,*"—who ever heard of a rustic answering a King so informally? To us it is almost incredible that such excitement should have been aroused over the minutiæ of form. Indeed it is not easy to understand the overwhelming success of *Hernani*. The story of that eventful first

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night has repeatedly been told, and never better than by Gautier in his *History of Romanticism*. How Victor Hugo scorned the support of a paid claque, how his own friends and admirers, headed by young Gautier, thronged into the pit and gallery hours before the performance was supposed to begin, and sat there munching sandwiches, humming the lyrics of their master, and in every possible way outraging the feelings of the *bons bourgeois*, suffers no loss of picturesqueness in Gautier's reminiscences.

But there were others besides Gautier. Petrus Borel, with his long silky beard, in itself an outrage to society, and a young poet named Gérard de Nerval. What happened during those twenty-odd years between the first night of *Hernani* and the tragedy in the Rue de la Vieille Lanterne? In 1830 Gérard Labrunie, as he was then known, was one of the most enviable young men in Paris. He had published several volumes of poetry before leaving school, and his translation of *Faust* had received a very genuine compliment from Goethe himself. "I have never understood myself so well," he wrote to the young poet, "as in reading your translation." At the College Charlemagne, where his father had sent him to school, he was equally beloved by masters and students. His father was probably the one cloud in his horizon. Labrunie, or rather Dr. Labrunie, for he had been a *médecin majeur* in the *Grande Armée*, did not look with sympathy on his son's literary successes. He would have liked him to be a diplomat or a doctor, instead of which the boy was steeping himself in German mysticism. Perhaps if Madame Labrunie had lived, he might have understood his son better, but she died of a fever at the time of the Retreat from Moscow, leaving the boy at the age of five to the kindly but inflexible old doctor.

For the first few years of his life Gérard Labrunie led a delightful, Arcadian existence in the village of Loisy in Valois. Perhaps he suffered afterwards from the almost exclusively feminine society of those early days, for he was brought up by his aunt and his only companions were her daughters and their friends; but he was still a child when his father came home from the wars and took him away to Paris. He was not so young, however, as to forget his beloved Valois. During the holidays he went back regularly to renew the old friendships, and in par-

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ticular to see Sylvie, with whom he had kept up a running flirtation ever since they had dressed up as "*des mariés du vieux temps*" for the delectation of an old grandmother. Eventually she married a pastry-cook, but that made no difference in Gérard's feelings for her. He was always falling in love in a delicate imaginative way with women who were incapable of understanding his emotions. That they all married some one else was of little importance. The tragedy lay in his own habit of etherealizing the ladies of his affection regardless of the fact that to the rest of the world they were very obviously mere flesh and blood.

But in those early days, after leaving the College Charlemagne, the memories of Sylvie did not claim all Gérard's attention. The question of his career had not yet been decided. To gratify his father he tried medicine for two years, but his heart was never in it. Luckily he inherited a small fortune, which enabled him to gratify his bent for writing without leaning too heavily on his father's generosity. These were the golden years of his life when he lived with Arsène Houssaye, the author of the charming *Confessions*, and Camille Rogier, the etcher, in the Rue Doyenné. Next door was Théophile Gautier, who had been a devoted friend ever since they had sat together on the same bench at school. Gautier was still hovering between literature and painting, as indeed was Camille Rogier. Never before had the dividing line between the arts appeared so indistinct. After all, as long as they expressed themselves, the medium adopted, whether it were brush or pen, was comparatively unimportant.

To a close observer it might have been evident that Gérard was not tarred with quite the same brush as his companions. He was determined to be more sane. The flaunting banner of eccentricity under which they were so proud to fight he had long since discarded. His clothes were as inconspicuous as possible. Apparently it was his desire to look more or less like other people, for he affected neither the insolence of the dandy nor the truculence of the bohemian. Even in literature it would seem that his chief desire was to pass unnoticed, for he did not even sign his own name to his articles. The "Nerval," which had been adopted on account of a fancied descent from the Roman Emperor Nerva, gave place to a variety of pseudonyms. At one

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time he was "Louis Gerval," at another "Aloysius" or "Fritz" or "Block"—anything to prevent the public from becoming familiar with his identity.

Like many other young men of his time, Gérard "poured innumerable buckets into the bottomless well of journalism". But busy as he was with the newspapers, he had other and more absorbing interests. With the modest fortune that he had inherited he founded a magazine called the *Monde Théâtral*. It was not merely a dispassionate interest in the theatre that tempted him to this venture but a very real devotion to an actress, in whom he imagined that his highest ideals of perfection, intellectual as well as artistic, were realized. Supported by the heavy artillery of the *Monde Théâtral*, Gérard hoped that his inamorata might force her way into grand opera. Needless to say, Jenny Colon bore little resemblance to the radiant vision conceived in Gérard's fancy. She was a popular young comédienne with a pretty voice and a certain talent for rather obvious ingenue parts. Coming of a theatrical family, she had already plunged in and out of matrimony before meeting Gérard, nor did his determination to treat her as a *princesse lointaine* prevent her from bestowing herself—and this time very happily—upon an obscure flute player.

Gérard, however, persisted in his adoration. To watch Jenny Colon from the front row in the orchestra was all the nourishment his passion needed. For years, indeed, he never knew her, and perhaps it was just as well. Familiarity would have been almost certain to breed contempt. The few occasions on which he did meet her seem to have been uniformly unfortunate. The first time he called he had the ill-luck to break a priceless vase, the cherished gift of a more favored suitor. Horrified at his awkwardness, he rushed to the nearest *antiquaire* to find something in the nature of a peace offering. His fancy happened to alight on an enormous Renaissance bed, said to have belonged once to Marguerite de Valois. Again the fates were against him, for the bed was too big to go into any normal room. Finally it found a home in Gautier's studio, where it remained until Gautier's *démenagement* necessitated its being sold.

Meanwhile Jenny Colon had married the flute player and

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drifted out of Gérard's horizon. For any other man the romance would have ended there, but Gérard was powerless to dismiss her from his imagination. Wherever he went, and after her marriage and the consequent collapse of the *Monde Théâtral* he had begun to travel, he was beset by her image. Under the name of Aurelia she recurs continually in *Les Filles du Feu*—"Faces in the Fire," we might render it—a delightful collection of stories, half fiction and half autobiography. Gérard was never a sedentary man, and after the shock of her marriage continuous travelling became almost a necessity. Italy, the haven of all romanticists, he knew already; now it was Flanders and Germany that called to him. Sometimes he set forth alone, but more often with a companion. Gautier describes a trip they made together, in that charming little volume *Caprices et Zigzags*. What a contrast they must have made—Gautier absorbed in everything the brush could depict or the pen describe, worried only because the Rubens type of woman seemed to be extinct, and Gérard completely indifferent to scenery or people, deep in *La Nouvelle Héloïse* and not to be disturbed from his reveries by his companion's pleasant chatter about Rubens and his flesh tints.

Another companion on his travels was Dumas *fils*, with whom he collaborated on several plays. It was with Dumas that he wrote *Leo Burckardt*, an early example of the now familiar plot of the young idealist plunging whole-heartedly into politics and emerging embittered and disillusioned. Dumas, who did not usually err on the side of modesty, gave Gérard all the credit for their joint productions, and we can well believe that collaboration, difficult enough at any time, must have been almost impossible with Gérard. He could not work indoors, he had always to be moving from one place to another, and the railroad affected his nerves. There was something devastating about its directness. If only it had not ignored geography, if it had lost its way occasionally, he might have been able to stand it. As it was, however, he longed for the old fashioned *Berline*, which jolted the body to pieces but at least allowed the soul the luxury of wandering.

It was when he got back to Paris after one of his play-writing tours with Dumas that Gérard's innocent fancies began to as-

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sume more serious proportions. One morning he was found walking through the Palais Royal leading a lobster on the end of a blue ribbon. And why should he not associate with lobsters? he asked. In what way were they more ridiculous than dogs or cats or gazelles, or any of the other animals that man has at one time or another trained to follow him? It seems now that his friends might well have been alarmed by these peculiarities, but in those days of rampant individualism eccentricity of behavior was not necessarily an indication of mental disorders. As soon as Gérard began to write, all semblance of insanity disappeared. He was never perhaps as *outré* in his expression as many of his friends. In spite of his great interest in German philosophy and his reverence for Goethe, he remained the most typically French of all the romanticists. "*Le seul défaut, qu'on puisse lui reprocher,*" says Gautier, "*c'est trop de la sagesse.*" And curiously enough in his last years, when his poor brain was trembling on the edge of a precipice, his literary restraint reached its high water mark. If Mr. Chesterton should ever be tempted to write about Gérard de Nerval, we can imagine him stoutly maintaining the paradox that Gérard was actually sobered by madness. Compared, for instance, with De Quincey, what moderation there is in his description of dreams! The Opium Eater's visions are an excuse for gorgeous flights of rhetoric. Even when his imagination conjures up the homely figure of Ann of Oxford Street he can not cast off the shackles of the "grand manner". Gérard's dreams, on the other hand, are all subjected to his habitual economy of style. Such stories as *La Main Enchantée* or *Le Monstre Vert,* written when he was a young man, show what he might have done if he had been content to follow in the footsteps of Hoffman or Poe; but as he grew older he conceived a more sober rôle for himself. "*Si je ne pensais que la mission d'un ecrivain est d'analyser sincèrement ce qu'il éprouve dans les graves circonstances de la vie, et si je ne proposai un but que je crois utile je m'arrêterai ici.*" But Gérard did not stop, he kept on analyzing, always trying to rationalize his emotions until his constant groping after the inexplicable drove him to the supreme disaster.

The great distinction between Gérard de Nerval and most men

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of genius who have suffered from occasional mental derangement was that his lapses were never caused by any weakness of character. At no time of his life was he either a drunkard or a drug fiend. If we must find a reason for his madness, it was his inability to forget coupled with an abnormally weak mental digestion. Much of the literature he read as a child, including the eighteenth century philosophers, was probably too heady for him; and while most boys would have thrown it off as they grew older, Gérard continued to absorb it into his constitution. Whenever his brain was stimulated or his emotions stirred, it was for all time. A sudden passion for a popular actress, a sentimental attachment for some cousin in the country, a chapter from Rousseau or a phrase of Goethe—such things stayed with him forever.

At one time he became interested in the possibilities of aviation, not from a scientific point of view but from a typically romantic angle. Cyrano de Bergerac's *Voyage à la Lune* fired his imagination to such an extent that he wrote an essay on the successors of Icarus. Probably few men have known less about aerostatics than Gérard de Nerval, but once the idea had been presented to his brain it was impossible for him to let it go. Again—it is curious how often Gérard stumbles near our modern inventions—his interest in Gutenberg and the fathers of printing led him to conceive of a one-man printing press. Though he actually took out a patent for an intended invention he never troubled to inform himself as to the actual state of development in typography. Whatever he hoped to achieve, he would be untrammeled by technical knowledge. But his reverence for the art of printing, based on nothing more solid than the natural curiosity of a child, never left him. With him the dividing lines between history, science and magic were always shadowy. As he grew older, science and history faded more and more into the background, while magic fastened itself upon his imagination, until finally nostalgia for the invisible drove him to suicide.

Probably his voyage to the Orient following immediately upon his first attack of insanity was not calculated to restore his mental balance. He became engaged to the daughter of a sheik, and almost persuaded the reluctant father that being a Freemason was the same thing as being a Mohammedan. A lucky fever

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intervened to save him, and he returned to Paris outwardly none the worse but subconsciously dangerously excited by his Oriental experiences. Though the published account of his travels sold well, he now added to his existing worries a terror of bankruptcy. As long as he was travelling, the bogey could be kept at a distance, but as soon as he came back to Paris, and he would rarely persuade himself to stay away for more than a few months at a time, a pall of melancholia settled down on him.

It would be difficult to determine the predominant cause of his last and, as it subsequently proved, fatal attack in 1853. The death of Aurelia and the studied indifference of his father certainly contributed to his final breakdown. To be neglected, if not actually disliked, by the two people he loved most in the world, must have been a terrible shock to a man of his sensibilities. We can not perhaps blame Jenny Colon for not accepting him in the guise of a lover, particularly when we consider his strangely candid love-making. "*Soyez bien sûre*," he writes to her, "*que je vous aime bien plus que je ne vous admire.*" But the indifference of his father is more difficult to excuse. From being a kindly old soldier Dr. Labrunie had developed into a stiff-necked disciplinarian. Gérard had made his own bed and he had better lie in it. That was the attitude of the old man, and no display of affection on the part of his son could ever compensate for his lack of obedience.

A further cause of insanity was his growing delusion that the end of the world was at hand. One night he drove to the house of Heinrich Heine, with whom he had become very intimate, and ordered him to make ready at once for the Day of Judgment. The poet stared at him open-mouthed, but Madame Heine, the more resourceful member of the family, called a cab and drove with him at once to the sanitarium. Twice he was reported cured and each time he had to be brought back. During one of his lucid intervals he wrote a very sensible and temperate appeal to the *Société des Gens de Lettres* requesting them to use their influence to have him set at liberty. He demanded only the right to earn his living and to pay off the large sums of money advanced to him by his friends. The doctors allowed themselves to be convinced against their better judgment, and Gérard left the asylum

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for the last time. The remaining days of his life remain a mystery. With infinite difficulty he wrote *Sylvie*, which was published as an autobiographical fragment in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and was at once recognized as a masterpiece. A few days after its publication his body was found in the Rue de la Vieille Lanterne.

There are people to-day who can not see *Le Malade Imaginaire* with any pleasure. Behind Argan, the foolish dyspeptic, they are constantly aware of Molière, sick in mind and body, scarcely able to drag his way through the part and dying of pneumonia almost before the applause was over. There is something of the same effect about *Sylvie*. Behind this charming idyl of country life, we see Gérard prowling about the streets of Paris, fighting for reason and liberty, and finally succumbing to the insistent attacks of his fevered imagination.

Gérard had traveled a long way from the turgid romanticism of 1830. While his friends were still struggling in the fetters forged by Victor Hugo, he had emerged from the charmed dungeon. The very titles of his essays—*Petits Chateaux de Boheme*, *Les Nuits d'Octobre*, *Promenades et Souvenirs*, *Musique*—indicate how successfully he had escaped from the rococo atmosphere of *Hernani*. His imagination was certainly no less active than that of his contemporaries, but almost alone in that generation he carried on the French tradition of sobriety and economy of style. Gérard de Nerval, the madman, remained the sanest of them all. As to the charm of his writings, it is as elusive as the charm of the *Essays of Elia* or *The Sentimental Journey*. Like Charles Lamb and Sterne, he wanders apparently carefree in the No Man's Land between realism and sentiment. He is indeed the only real sentimental traveler we have met with in French literature. One of the first to rediscover Ronsard, he was at the same time the champion of his own age. A delicate poet, a writer of exquisite prose, a madman and a suicide—the only fault his friend Gautier could find to reproach him with was an excess of sanity. He was one of those unfortunates whose fate it is to pull against the stream, and though eventually he found a pleasant backwater, it offered him no outlet on the main current of literature.

ARNOLD WHITRIDGE.

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THE LITERARY DISCIPLINE—V

BY JOHN ERSKINE

THE CHARACTERS PROPER TO LITERATURE

I

Our impulse might be to say that any character at all is proper to literature, or to any phase of literature, for we have long ago discarded that convention of ancient story which introduced the hero and heroine always as nobly born, or if at first they were not gentlefolk, yet in the last chapter they were shown to be prince and princess in disguise. Our leading characters now may have whatever origin God wills; the author does not interfere. No longer do we reserve the peasant, the poor or the ignorant for the foot of our list of *dramatis personæ*, nor do we smuggle them into the scene at resting moments, for comic relief. Since human nature is the subject of art, and since the Almighty (we quote Lincoln for this) showed us where to put the emphasis in human nature, by creating common folk in the vast majority, we have even followed the example with an excess of enthusiasm, until the elect are pretty well put down from their former seat in literature, and in their stead are the socially humble and the mentally weak. For a hundred years or more we have been pressing this charitable revolution. Wordsworth, though not the first to try it, first won a considerate hearing in English poetry for the beggar, the pedler, the afflicted, the half-witted—a hearing for them, that is, as central figures in the poems where they occur; and shortly afterwards the novelists, on the irresistible tide of humanitarianism, invited not only our attention but our admiration for persons who hitherto had seemed obscure and unfortunate. Dickens perhaps went too far, we now feel; he demonstrated the weakness of the gentry, and sent them to the background of the story, where we are willing enough they

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should remain, but he also tried to endow the lower classes with so much delicacy, tact, and spirit that his leading persons seem to be gentry still, masquerading in a temporary eclipse of fortune, like the lost prince and princess of the fairy tale. But he taught us how to carry on his unfinished revolution; since he stripped sentimentality, all that sort of nonsense, from the gentry, we have known at last how to strip it from the bourgeois. Some of our novelists riddle the polite world for us, others tell us the unflinching truth about our middle classes. We have no heroes; any character can get into our literature, if we may use him as a target rather than worship him as a god.

It is too late to return, even if we desired to do so, to the sentimental misreading of social conditions against which our modern realism, however grim, tries honestly to protest, and there is a form of discourse in which human frailties can properly be discussed; social science or the science of ethics would neither of them deserve the name of science if we excluded from their consideration any aspect of human character or conduct—just as medicine would fail in its office if we forbade it to study any part or function of the body. But it is not too late to ask ourselves the difference between science and art; between a story which represents our physical actions with that conscience in detail which would aid a medical diagnosis, and a story through which Helen's body walks, a joy forever; between a record of our neighbors just as they are, or a bit meaner, and a picture of men and women as we would gladly be. Anything printed may be called literature, even last year's time-tables, but if we preserve in the word an emphasis upon art rather than upon information we may ask after all whether certain characters, or certain attitudes toward character, are not essential to art; or, putting it another way, we may ask whether the type of character we portray will not determine the kind of art we produce, with or without our will, and whether the kind of character we portray will not finally classify our writing for us, as art or as social document.

To have our novel appraised as a social document may seem to us a compliment, and we may be glad to escape the equivocal verdict that our picture of life is art. The terms are unimportant, and our prejudices in words may be respected. But the fact

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remains that some books we are to read many times, and permanently, whereas others are for a season only, and may be read but once; and books which must serve us in ways so different would seem to need certain special privileges of method and material—they may even be permitted certain varieties of emphasis not usually found in life. The temporary writing helps us on our way, and we ought to have one honorable name for it all—newspapers, telephone directory, time-tables, all our telegrams and most of our letters. We stop over them only for a moment, in order to go about our business more conveniently. But the other kind of books will detain us forever, or will try to—and this kind of literature is art; we return thither for no information and for no immediate aid in our daily affairs, but rather to taste again an experience we enjoyed before, to meet old friends, to breathe an atmosphere which we crave, an atmosphere hard to find elsewhere.

If this distinction needs often to be made between the literature which is information and the literature which is art, it is because both kinds of book use the same medium, and speech is the commonest of mediums. Painting and music escape such a confusion, but writing is a slippery craft, now running to a bare record or to good advice, now drifting into a music of words, articulating a beauty that seems ageless and impersonal, and sometimes doing a bit of all these things at once. In daily conversation, when we talk of anything in human interest, we use the same words that literature is made of; what more natural than to conclude that literature therefore may deal with any subject we talk of? We resent the suggestion that art should be narrower than life itself. Yet if we admit any difference at all between art and life, between literature and our average conversations, between books which give information and books which give delight, and if art is the record of that aspect of life we delight in not for the moment but permanently, then art is indeed narrower than life itself; outside of it will remain the trivial things, however likable, of our daily round, which we forget gladly, so many other pleasant and trivial things supplant them; and outside of it also will remain very important issues which we hope and resolve shall be temporary—the grave wrongs and

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errors which call not for eternal contemplation but for reform. Face to face with such problems, we often feel that art is inadequate. What can poetry do for the sick or the dying? What solace is there in music or sculpture for the wretchedly poor? The answer to such questions is not in art but in conduct; death calls for fortitude, sickness must be cured, poverty must be relieved; and if books deal with such subjects, it is not for a literary end, but to aid us in practical remedies. Indeed, to have a literary ambition as we contemplate another's misery, would seem possible only for a fiend; it is in the merit of Mrs. Stowe's story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* that the book seems a protest from the soul rather than a work of art. If there are such sins and misfortunes, it may be necessary to spread the news, as though the house were on fire, but if we really care for our house we shall not linger to enjoy the cadence of the thrilling call. On the other hand, if we are to lose ourselves in a book or a play, if we are to live in it repeatedly, ourselves the hero, in love with the heroine, and hating the villain, then the book or play must give us an experience in some sense better than the life ordinarily available to us: who would waste a moment on Cleopatra in a book, if he knew where to find her in the world? Or perhaps in life she was less charming than Plutarch said she was, or than Shakespeare showed her to be; perhaps we could not be drawn irresistibly to her until the poet made her better than she was—made her, that is, a character proper for the literature which is to be enjoyed as art.

II

The effect of the excellence or the inferiority of the character on the book was long ago observed by Aristotle, when he said that tragedy and the epic—that is, all serious literature—will aim at representing men as better than in actual life, and that comedy and satire will represent them as worse. In this second kind of writing, he added, satire came first, and it was Homer who laid down the principles of comedy, by dramatizing the ludicrous instead of composing personal satire. This famous observation of the ancient critic has been too often read as doctrine, as though Aristotle were telling us what should take place in literature,

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whereas he is recording what actually does take place. If you wish to write a story or a play in which the reader can lose himself with delight, you must portray character better than the reader, character which in some degree satisfies and strengthens his aspirations. If you wish the reader to laugh at the world, or to scorn it, or to feel the need of improving it, you portray for him character in a condition inferior to his estimate of himself; if you wish him to profit by that wholesome self-observation which we call the comic spirit, you mingle satire with tragedy—you show him character which satisfies his aspirations, so that he will identify himself with it, and which at the same time is inferior in some respects to what he would prefer to be, so that he must laugh at himself. He will have a tendency to save the day for self-respect by laughing, not at himself, but at human nature, and the universal comic spirit will then have come to birth, akin to both satire and tragedy, but more nearly a dramatizing of the ludicrous, as Aristotle said, than a scoring of personal faults.

These principles, it goes without saying, are not accepted by writers today; the average author is not aware of them, or if he is, he takes refuge in another remark of Aristotle's, that perhaps tragedy was destined to develop into something different from the type of poetry produced by Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides; perhaps new principles, we say in the too familiar formula, are needed for new material. So think many of the poets and novelists who give us sordid and wretched characters to contemplate, yet invite us to feel toward them not the satiric regret, but the old pity and terror of noble tragedy. That the principles do persist, however, very much as Aristotle described them, is evidenced by the difficulty the readers still have with such books; the authors argue their case, or critics argue it for them, but common humanity remains unconvinced that misery is a proper subject for permanent contemplation. In our age especially, when the impulse to social good works is highly developed, it is a curious paradox that writers should expect us to associate in art, as habitual companions, with types of character which in real life we should hasten to rescue and to change. It is generous of the writers to suppose that in a humane age the reader will be ready to discern the heroic even beneath handicaps and afflictions, and

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probably the reader is thus ready, but the writers forget that in any age, particularly in a humane one, we do not like to contemplate, in the permanence of art, heroic character smothered beneath handicaps and afflictions. And in justice to the embarrassed reader it should be added that often the character is not heroic at all, and the only claim put forth for it is that it might have been attractive if it had not been smothered.

Perhaps it is the influence of Wordsworth that still spreads this confusion in our writing. The effect of many of his best known poems has never been wholly satisfactory, not even to his admirers; he drew moral lessons from objects humble or mean, and since his own interest was in the moral lesson, he sometimes was careless of the emotional appeal which the object, left standing as it were in the poem, might make on the reader. In one sense he was not a nature-lover, though he had recourse to nature for ethical wisdom; it was only the wisdom he cared about, and we have an unpleasant impression, which perhaps does him injustice, that when he had got a moral idea out of the primrose by the river's brim, he was through with the primrose for the day. The same impression, unfortunately, is made by his portrayal of humble or mean characters. He obviously does not identify his better fortunes with their misery, nor does he enter dramatically or imaginatively into their lives; he is content to draw a moral from them, and the reader, in his day and still in ours, is surprised that misery in the picture, having afforded a moral, is promptly dropped as though of no further concern. The old leech-gatherer serves a purpose when his courage against frightful odds cheers up a moodish poet; the old beggar at the door moves us to gratitude that another man's poverty keeps fresh in us the springs of charity. Much good this does the leech-gatherer or the beggar! And if there is to be no help for them, their presence is a bit disturbing in the background of so much complacence. We wish there were more tenderness in these poems that talk so much of feeling. And when Wordsworth deliberately sets out to enlist our admiration for the heroic, we may find ourselves facing such dumb human misery as we have in *Michael*, the heroism of a wrecked family and an abandoned farm. With relief we turn to the passages in *The Prelude* where the poet no longer looks down

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benignly on the wretched, but gives expression to the ideal life which he himself desires to attain; there, where he shows life better than it is, we can go with him and lose ourselves in the vision.

It is our poets who chiefly defy Aristotle's wise warning, and try with Wordsworth to convert into a theme for meditation what is really a subject for philanthropy. Our novelists tend more and more to give us an inferior world, but not for our admiration; we may smile at it, or despise it, or try to cure it. This is satire, an achievement in morals rather than in art, and from the advertisements on the book covers it is clear that the publisher at least knows that the author is revealing something medicinal, something unpleasant but good for us. If we prefer to write satires, we are at least achieving our ambition. But the reader of the American novel today, whether he reads Mrs. Wharton or Sinclair Lewis, or whether he goes back to an earlier period and reads W. D. Howells, is usually reading about other people, rarely about himself; he has noticed those faults in his neighbors before. We have to go far back in our literature to find a novel in which the American future is implicit, a story into which we can enter as into a world we are glad is ours. Perhaps we must go back as far as *The Scarlet Letter*, in which a modern audacity of thought seems breaking through an antique repression, and we can identify profound speculations of our own with the wisdom in Hester's heart or Arthur Dimmesdale's. It has been pointed out before how much Hawthorne gained by making his chief characters noble in the Greek way, tragic characters better than in actual life; for the sin of the woman and the minister was common enough in the world among weak or vulgar characters, and the impulse even in Hawthorne's time might well have been to keep the story, for purposes of edification or realism, in the low tone in which it first occurred. But we cannot easily take to heart the sins of people who are obviously our inferiors; the sins of good people rouse in us the tragic pity or terror, for that is the kind of sin, if any, we should commit. Hawthorne therefore makes the minister a saint, and if Hester is not a saint at the beginning, she is so at the end of her ordeal, and in the sufferings of both our own heart has been wrung. In *The House of the Seven Gables*,

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however, the reader is a looker-on rather than an actor, for the characters are not better than life, their experience is therefore not ours, and since we cannot cure their unhappiness, we are sorry to watch it. In that story our greatest romancer was on the road toward the modern habit of satire, a road which he had marked out for us clearly enough in some of his early sketches and tales.

The trend away from the literature of art to the literature of satire is all the more remarkable in our day because the exigencies of satire compel the American to deny wholesale his better self. There might be some apparent reason for not writing in the epic or the tragic tone if in order to do so we had to assume virtues we all knew we lacked; but why make a religion of writing satire, when to do so we must conceal the few virtues we are sure we have? Mr. Howells took it to be his duty to tell the unvarnished truth about human society as he knew it, but you would not guess from his novels that America ever produced so charming a man as Mr. Howells and those literary friends of his of whom, outside his novels, he wrote lovingly. So Mr. Lewis pictures America today, leaving out of the picture the satirical criticism of America in which he leads; and so Mrs. Wharton shows us the narrower world of fashion, with no one in it so gifted, so admirably trained, as Mrs. Wharton. The best of us is hard enough to express, as Rabbi Ben Ezra knew; but how odd that we prefer not to express it, whether difficult or easy—that we deliberately conceal what we have set our hearts on. We name half a dozen characters from his plays in whom Shakespeare seems to be portraying himself, and without too subtle a discrimination we recognize ideals of our own in all of them. Pendennis seems to be Thackeray himself, and so seem Henry Esmond and Clive Newcome, and we flatter ourselves that the great novelist incorporated in those portraits some of our own best features. We—and Cervantes—are incarnated in Don Quixote.

The contrast between information and art in our books, and the tendency to stress information with a moral bent, are both thrown into sharper relief by the success of American architecture in expressing more and more a significant and lasting beauty. Nothing might seem at first more utilitarian than a building, and

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few things in our country seem less permanent, we have such a passion for altering. Yet art has made its greatest progress with us in architecture, and the stages of the progress have been accompanied by just such a selection and choice of subject as Aristotle's remarks about character would imply. In our cities a genuine impulse toward beauty began to show itself two decades ago in shop windows. Where else should beauty appear but in the enterprises we care most about? Since we were lovers of business, we began to indicate the beauty that business has in our eyes. The shop window ceased to be, what in country hardware stores it still often is, a place where samples of all the merchandise were displayed, an order card from which you could plan your purchases; it became rather a scene of loveliness to contemplate for its own sake, an attraction to hold you rooted to the spot rather than a stimulus to hurry you inside to buy. Probably the shop windows in our great streets could not be justified now on a purely economic basis; they have been lifted into the realm of beauty and are things to remember. But for this kind of shop window not every article the store sells is "proper", in the Aristotelian sense; nothing ridiculous is shown, though ridiculous things are bought and sold, nothing trivial is shown, and nothing that discloses too publicly the animal conditions in which we lead our spiritual life. With a different selection of articles which the store for our convenience must sell, we might have a comic window, the sight of which would cause us to smile at ourselves, or a satiric one, which would teach us to laugh at our fellow-man.

The buildings themselves, moreover, have become beautiful by expressing what we genuinely love to contemplate, and not all kinds of buildings were proper to that happy end. For mere sale and barter any shed in the market place might serve, but if we think of traffic in the large way that Ruskin suggested, as something potentially heroic and noble, as a feeding of the hungry and a clothing of the naked, as a soldierly occupying of outposts against poverty and wretchedness, as a campaign of conquest against nature, and as an exchange at last of spiritual hungers and satisfactions among men, then our houses of business should look like temples. So they begin to look, and only a very blind critic here and there still fails to see that so they should look.

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With our love of traffic goes our love of travel. In this country travel is necessary, but it is also an ideal. Any sort of railway station will serve as a place to buy a ticket or board a train, and until recently almost any kind of barracks did serve for those purposes. But the haphazard building could not express our delight in travel, our enjoyment of distance and speed and punctilious arrivings and departings. The pleasant casualness of the stage coach and the roadside inn does not really appeal to us, except in exotic moments; our religion of travel is uttered in the Pennsylvania Station in New York, and in other such structures fast rising throughout the country, where the dedicated atmosphere, produced by carefully selected elements from the buildings of antiquity, have little to do with buying your ticket and a great deal to do with the American spirit. We breathe more freely as we enter them, and enjoy the space and the height; our instinctive comment is, "This is something like!" as though some part of us had found expression at last. And if this success in architecture is as yet in the field of business and travel, among public buildings, the reason probably is that in those fields we know what our aspirations are. In ecclesiastical architecture, by way of contrast, we are less clear. We feel that if the Woolworth Building is so lovely, it is but respectable to improve the appearance of our churches, so we put up very wonderful Gothic chapels and cathedrals—only to find, perhaps, that they are a sort of weight on our conscience rather than an expression of our desires; we sometimes try to cultivate the religion that produced them, in order that so eloquent a language may have more content in its words.

When we turn back from our architecture to our books, we have the right to ask why poetry and the novel address themselves exclusively to what is in essence satire, to the portrayal of us as worse than we are, or with our aspirations left out; why we as readers must be invited to absorb mere information about ourselves and our country; why we so seldom meet in the pages offered to us the kind of men and women we admire or ought to admire. The arts all express the same thing, at any given moment, and if we are equally proficient in them, they ought to achieve the same grandeur and the same beauty. Against the

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trivial and drab contents of much of our poetry and the condescending realism of much of our prose American architecture now stands, a reproach and an indictment; for the imaginative power and sweep of our buildings is hardly discernible in our books. The architects have followed old wisdom, by making their work ideal, better than life. The writers persist in a stubborn wrong headedness which would portray characters worse than in actual life, and would ask us to admire them.

III

To ask what characters are proper to literature as an art, and to point out that the character better than life will express our ideals, and that the character worse than life will invite our satire, is only to raise in another way the old problems of the universal as against the particular in art, of the contemporary as against the eternal. To be strictly personal is in the end to be contemporary, and to be strictly contemporary is to give, whether or not we intend it, the effect of satire. If our picture of life is to appeal to the reader, and to many readers, as their own world, not simply as their neighbors' private house into which they are prying, it must have general human truth beyond what is strictly personal; and if it is to be read with that sense of proprietorship by many people over a stretch of time, it must not limit itself to the peculiarities of any one moment. It is true that the writer himself lives but one life and is circumscribed by time and place; if there were no such thing as imagination he could only record what he is, for the enlightenment of others who are just like him; without imagination he would not know of a better character than his, or of a worse one, and we should be spared the discipline of satire, but at the price of art. The problem for the writer, as for any artist, is to imagine the lives of other men, and the lives that he and other men aspire to; his business is to select from personal adventure what is generally important, and to see it against the background of universal experience. Can anyone imagine universal experience? Perhaps not; but the nearer he comes to this difficult success, the more readers the world over will find meaning in what he writes. To have a personal career is no ground for conceit in an artist—

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everyone has as much; the achievement is to state our experience so that it is the experience of other people too.

If we portray characters as better than in actual life, there is no great difficulty in making them seem universal; for it is a radical gift in human conceit to fancy that anything admirable or desirable has a possible connection with ourselves. If we do not at first discover what there is in common between Romeo or Lincoln or Achilles or General Lee and ourselves, yet if we admire them we shall find the resemblance, or try to create it. This is the power of great imaginative art, that the admirable things in it generate a kind of universal emulation, and the story or statue which has been said to imitate nature succeeds at last in persuading men and women quite naturally to imitate it. The power of a great book over human conduct, even its influence at last upon what might seem instinctive conduct, is immeasurable. In the troubadour art of love before Dante's time, a true lover was taught to turn pale at sight of his lady, and at the unexpected sight of her to faint; Dante loved that literature, and he grew pale and fainted by second nature—just as women once learned to blush at certain things, and afterwards learned not to blush. How many lives were affected, for good or evil, throughout Europe and America, by the alluring power of Byron's heroes and heroines? The poet, then, who represents character as better than actual life, as possessing, that is, something that we desire but have not, has already made his hero universal, and must some day accept the responsibility of having dedicated his readers to that general ideal.

The real difficulty for the writer is not, then, in generalizing the characters which embody his ideal, and which therefore are better than in actual life; what he will chiefly need for his success is to have the ideals. But even with a consciousness of deep aspiration he may wish to include in the picture whole characters or parts of character which are not what they should be, and which yet are likable, even lovable; and to give this double effect of inferiority in some sense, together with charm in some sense, is, it seems, very difficult, for this is the effect of comedy, and comedy is rare in any literature, almost entirely absent from our own. If you represent a character as worse than in actual life,

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the condescending attitude of the reader will not automatically draw the portrait into some universal relation; the writer must add something universally admirable to the particular weakness we look down on. Beatrice and Benedick have exhausted their wit, and they are the victims of a plot to marry them off to each other; for such inferiority to their companions we cannot admire them. But Shakespeare makes them both loyal to their friends and generous in their delight in life, and Beatrice has the good sense to know innocence when she sees it; these qualities we can identify with our own virtues, and for these we admire the hero and heroine. The poet further generalizes both characters by reminding us through their own thoughts that to fall in love is not the work of reason, and that even the wittiest scoffers succumb; here too we gladly recognize our own experience. We can therefore smile at the foibles of the young people, partly because these foibles are incident to all human nature, and partly because, even with the foibles, we like to identify ourselves in imagination with the supplementary virtues. Socrates was trying to persuade Aristophanes and Agathon, in the grey dawn after the Symposium, that the art of comedy and the art of tragedy are the same; and so far at least he was right, in that the universal rendering which character must receive in both gives to the comic effect some of the pity, though none of the terror, which tragedy evokes. But Socrates did not say that the art of tragedy is identical with the art of satire.

When comedy is at its best—that is, when we have made the inferior character universal by showing that its faults are natural, or by adding to it some general virtues—we may indeed go further and say that comedy produces perhaps the terror as well as the pity of tragedy, and that the two kinds of writing are, as Socrates said, but one. The tragic or epic hero, portrayed as better than in actual life, may have faults, but so far from despising him on that account, we may not even smile; we like him so much that the faults seem his misfortune. Moreover, if we refer the weakness of the comic character to nature itself, how can we be hard on the individual? And if we add to the faults positive and lovable virtues, will not the comic character seem at last to be tragic? In English drama Falstaff is perhaps the prince of comic

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characters, so vitally imagined that he lives on the stage apart from any plot; he is a living person, with few or no virtues, yet infinitely likable. He can be played to make the groundlings laugh, but most of us after we have laughed taste profound tragedy in what we have laughed at. He is almost majestic in those moments of cowardice when he portrays himself exactly as he is—when he sees himself, as it were, from outside, and points to those aspects of his frailty which belong to mankind. An actor might play the scenes on the battlefield in *Henry IV* so as to inspire, not laughter at the fat knight's depravity, but a pitiful and self-accusing silence.

In French drama Molière brought comedy to an excellence not matched, perhaps, in any other literature, and no imaginative writing is richer than his in general ideas. We laugh at the amusing situation or delight in the frankly artificial balancing of the plot, but on second thoughts we fall silent, contemplating the universal sweep of humanity, ourselves included, which he has uncovered for us. The most obvious example for American readers is in *Tartuffe*, where the unhappy Elmire has difficulty in proving to her husband Orgon that Tartuffe, whom he greatly admires, is a treacherous friend and is actually making love to her. She finally admits Tartuffe to her room, having first hidden her husband under the table, from which he has promised to emerge if Tartuffe should go beyond the bounds of decency. Tartuffe, of course, makes love in the clearest terms to his friend's wife, but Orgon remains concealed. "Before we go any further," says Elmire, "just look down the hall, to make sure my husband isn't coming." "Why worry about him?" says Tartuffe, "we can lead him around by the nose." Then Orgon comes from under the table. Where has the comedy brought us? Is it not to a contemplation of our own vanity, the source of the sense of honor in us all? Are we laughing at Tartuffe and Orgon, or are we thinking of ourselves?

Falstaff and Tartuffe illustrate the generalizing of inferior characters by the ascribing of their faults to human nature. A good illustration of the comic character which enlists our admiration and is a general ideal, is Huckleberry Finn. His ignorance, his poverty, and his lack of humor would seem to dis-

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qualify him for any heroic career in literature, yet he is a genuine hero, in the sense that we gladly put ourselves in his point of view and return again and again to live for an hour or so in his experience. The reason is that along with his inferior qualities he has characteristics and he has a fortune which seem better than ours; he is loyal to Tom and the negro Jim, he has a simple faith and zest in life, and he has exciting adventures and gets romance out of scenes we should otherwise find dull. He flatters us too by admiring people and things which from his praise we know we should treat satirically. To know what comedy is, as opposed to satire, we have but to read his story again and compare it with any current indictment of the scene in which his story was laid.

IV

If the principles of tragedy, comedy and satire are as implicit in our psychology now as when Aristotle described them, and if the principles of decorum, of art, and of the timeless and the impersonal in art, are as rooted in life as they are declared to be, there might seem to be no great need to preach them; the practice of literature would disclose them in spite of our ignorance. Try as we might to make a serious hero out of an inferior character, he would still emerge a figure in satire—or, if we generalized his faults, a figure in comedy; for serious literature, only a character better than in real life would give satisfaction. Though we do not doubt that the principles of art will thus be rediscovered pragmatically by the unescapable discipline of literature, yet it is something of a pity to go through such lengths of experiment in order to find out what was known before. And the great danger in our country is that we may not push the experiment to the tedious but profitable end at which sound knowledge awaits us; we may grow weary of the discipline, and take refuge in parody or in sentimentality. These two avenues of escape from the problem have cursed American literature before, and signs are not wanting that they now are the temptations of those who yesterday were our "new" writers and promised brave things. Face to face with characters worse than in actual life, we may find our own satiric attitude monotonous, but to handle such material otherwise than satirically, we must master the art of comedy,

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and comedy is a very difficult art. What Bret Harte and Riley and Eugene Field did in such circumstances was to obscure the meanness of the subject by sentimentality, instead of illuminating it by the comic spirit. Spoon River has been celebrated before, though we may not have recognized the subject with the old sentimental surface removed; much of our contemporary satire has been the kind of surgical operation necessary to separate the American reader from the sentimentality which in his heart he likes. Since it is in his heart, he may express it again quite shamelessly, this time as a protest against too much satire, and we may have another welter of old oaken buckets and old swimming holes and little boy blues—the literature that provides the satisfaction of a good cry, without the overexertion of tragic pity or terror.

We can but hope that the signs may prove deceptive, and that literature in America will not wait much longer for the characters and subjects proper to it, and proper to the dramatic hour we live in—characters and subjects expressing that better part of us which has given our land its direction and its power, and expressing also that other world of the spirit which man builds for elbow room to exercise his genuine ideals in, and carries it around with him, and sets it up to be a tabernacle in the wilderness of this natural world.

JOHN ERSKINE.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

"AMERICANS"[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

STUART P. SHERMAN is a critic to be envied. It is not every commentator who can boast the distinction of having been bracketed with the late Lord Northcliffe as a "menace" to the progress of a nation. Most literary critics can hope for no more formidable power than that of being a menace to bad authors,—praying at the same time that they may not unwittingly be a menace to good ones (though we doubt if God hears this prayer so often as to be bored by it). But Stuart Sherman has been greatly honored. It appears that one Hansen, a German-American, has asked "what the masses can possibly know of the real Germany so long as the Shermans squat like toads in the portals of the schools and the Northcliffes send their Niagaras of slime through the souls of the English-speaking peoples." Professor Sherman, quoting this vivacious remark with some apparent satisfaction, tells us that he "was amused to find a great lord of the press so quaintly bracketed with an obscure teacher of literature in a Middle Western University". That is unduly modest of him. Mr. Sherman is far from obscure. Officially, he is Professor of English at the University of Illinois, which is not, to be sure, quite so conspicuous and influential a job as that of being the owner of most of the newspapers in the United Kingdom. But Professor Sherman has a good deal of Lord Northcliffe's genius for attracting attention and making people mad—which is surely one of the most precious and profitable varieties of genius that a man of letters can possess. Professor Sherman's modesty prevents him from reminding us of that which is, after all, the essential difference between himself and Lord Northcliffe,—a difference which, clearly understood, should

[1] *Americans.* By Stuart P. Sherman. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

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have calmed the German-American soul: Professor Sherman cannot possibly have stood in the way of the masses's understanding of "the real Germany", for the brief and naked reason that the masses do not read Professor Sherman, and almost certainly never heard of him. They do—or did—read Lord Northcliffe. That is the cardinal difference between these two obstructors of international understanding—as the mysterious "Mr. Hansen" holds them to be. There are, of course, certain other differences, which again Professor Sherman is too modest to speak of. Professor Sherman writes visually well; Lord Northcliffe wrote—well, let us say fluently. Lord Northcliffe was an imperialist; Professor Sherman is not. But in one respect they saw eye to eye: Lord Northcliffe was no more fervid a nationalist than is Professor Sherman, though their conceptions of nationalism were as different as their literary styles. It is doubtful if Lord Northcliffe would ever have thought it worth while to study English men of letters as exponents of national character—it is hard to imagine his grouping Lord Roberts and Coleridge, as Professor Sherman groups Roosevelt and Emerson.

He is anxious that we should understand the kind of nationalist that he is. "An inflamed and egotistical nationalism," he says in his preface, "appeared to me [in 1917], as to so many others, the prime cause of the world's catastrophes." It was then—not unnaturally—that he

> began to meditate rather frequently upon the relation between civilization and the existence of separate nationalities, national traditions, national sentiments, and the national literatures through which the life of vanished generations survives as a living power among the powers of the present day. That sense of Humanity above all nations, which was quickened by certain appeals of the war, it seemed to me that every intelligent man must applaud, and must desire to strengthen. . . .

He realizes perfectly well that

> the most powerful instruments yet existing in the world for the destruction of international order are the nations; yet they are still the most powerful instruments for creating it. . . . The friends of Humanity will make less progress by attempting to destroy the national spirit than by criticizing it and purifying it, and by seizing upon and fostering those elements in it which are truly humane. With this programme in mind no wise student of the

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national past will be an indiscriminating upholder of traditions. While seeking to conserve their vital energy, he will steadily subject their direction to a critical scrutiny in the best light of his own time.

It is hard to quarrel with that. The tragedy of the case is, of course, that those who create and stimulate that "inflamed and egotistical nationalism" which Professor Sherman abhors and dreads are not susceptible to the kind of humanizing and purifying criticism that Professor Sherman and other enlightened nationalists would subject them to. They do not speak his language. They are, as he caustically says of one who was their perfect exponent, "a realist with no nonsense about him; but all the realists of the period [that of the World War] are now under suspicion of being unrealistic themselves in that they ignored the almost universal diffusion of 'nonsense', or idealism, among mankind." Professor Sherman speaks hopefully of "magnanimity, fairness of mind, the love of civil ways". Surely he must realize that he will not get very far by advocating virtues that are incompatible with current conceptions of nationalism. Professor Sherman is a shrewd and clear-eyed student of the national scene. He knows perfectly well that the things of which America is proud are not the prose of Thoreau, the poetry of Whitman, the intellectual distinction of Henry Adams, the spiritual insight of Emerson, but what Mr. Dooley called "the crownin' wurruk of our civilization—th' cash rayg-ister". He knows, as that same profound and acute philosopher also knew, that we "dropped th' shackles fr'm th' slave so's he cud be lynched in Ohio". Professor Sherman is, in short, no critical Babbitt. He is candid, searching, serene, with a prophylactic wit and a mortified realization of the perversions that make nationalism maleficent and much of American civilization a grotesque and hideous sham.

But he knows, too, that there is another America, another nationalism—our "divine mother", the spirit of the essential America as the clear-eyed among our poets and statesmen have seen her; and "the more deeply we love the true constituent elements of her loveliness, the more clearly we understand her in most purposes and set ourselves to further them, the more perfectly we should find ourselves in accord with the 'friends of

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mankind' in all nations". The studies in his new book all had their origin, he tells us, "in a fresh interest in American life and letters, which has strengthened side by side with a strengthening interest in the cause of those young men to whom the war brought a new vision of the old *Humanitas*." He quotes Matthew Arnold's comment on *Essays in Criticism:* "I think the moment is, on the whole, favorable for the Essays; and in going through them I am struck with the admirable riches of human nature that are brought to light in the group of persons whom they treat, and the sort of unity that the volume has as a book to stimulate the better humanity in us." Those "admirable riches of human nature" are present, too, Professor Sherman feels, in his group of Americans.

He need not have felt anything but certain of it. His "Americans" are Franklin, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whitman, Joaquin Miller, Carl Sandburg, Andrew Carnegie, Theodore Roosevelt, the Adams family, and Mr. Paul Elmer More. It is, in all conscience, a catholic assortment—several of our greatest, and several who are there, one cannot help suspecting, for a purpose that ribald souls might be disposed to describe with a measure of impoliteness. What Mr. Carnegie is doing there we do not pretend to understand, even after reading twice over the book review which this chapter originally was. Nor does there seem to have been any good reason why Professor Sherman should have included, in a volume that contains that masterpiece of urbane irony, the dissection of the soul of Mr. Paul Elmer More, the boorish and cheaply spiteful chapter on Mr. H. L. Mencken, which Professor Sherman amazingly elected to give the leading place in his book. As representation it is dishonest, as satire it is adolescent, as persiflage it is dull. Professor Sherman lines up with Mr. Mencken what he calls "the prettiest type" of the swift new civilization that reads "the new literature". What does he mean by "the new literature"? He means "the kind that is not read by fine gentlemen with a touch of frost above the temples, sitting at ease in quiet old clubs under golden brown portraits of their ancestors, and turning the pages of *The Athenæum* or Mr. More's *Nation*". What does he mean by "the prettiest type" of the new civilization that reads "the

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new literature"? Here she is, as viewed by the English Department of the University of Illinois: She represents a new generation that is "vulgar and selfish and good humored and sensual and impudent", whose parents "tilled the soil in Hungary", or "fished for mackerel around the Skagerrack". She "has no soul, the young thing, but she boasts that the tailor, the milliner, the bootmaker, the manicurist, the hairdresser, can give her an equivalent. When the car is at the door in the morning . . . she runs down the steps with something more than a flash of her silken perfections; she is exquisite, what though the voice is a bit hard and shrill with which she calls out, 'H'lo, kiddo! Le's go to Brentano's.'"—That, declares Professor Sherman, is "the new reader".

From which it would appear that Professor Sherman's mastery of the Light Touch is intermittent. We hold no brief for rich young American girls whose parents committed the deadly sin of tilling the soil in Hungary, and who greet their chauffeurs with "H'lo, kiddo!" But let us proceed to Brentano's. What does the outrageous chit do when she "flashes her silken perfections" through the folding doors at Twenty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue? Perhaps you think she buys *The Sheik*, or the latest by Mary Roberts Rinehart or Eleanor Glyn? Not at all. According to Professor Sherman, we are to infer that she orders a carload of books by Shaw, Chesterton, Knut Hamsun, Dostoievsky, and Artzibasheff. (Professor Sherman does not name these wicked authors, to be sure. He calls them, in his luminous and civilized way, "English mountebanks, Scandinavian misanthropes, Russian novelists crazy with war, taxes, hunger, anarchy, vodka, and German philosophy".) Our young friend, it appears, reads Sandburg, too, and claps her hands and cries: "Oh, boy, isn't it gorgeous!"

Perhaps the gentlest thing to be said of all this by any friend of Professor Sherman (and much in his book will win for him warm and grateful friends) is that "the new literature" and the "pretty" type of its new public as perceived in Urbana, Illinois, are not as we know them half a mile from Brentano's. It is possible that we are less familiar than Professor Sherman is with young women who ride to Brentano's in motor cars and

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"flash their silken perfections". It is possible that "these parties"—as Mark Twain would have referred to them—really do say to their chauffeurs or to their companions (Professor Sherman's word-picture is a little vague): "H'lo, kiddo! Le's go to Brentano's." It is possible that they exclaim, after reading Carl Sandburg, "Oh, boy, isn't it gorgeous!" It is possible that they read Dostoievsky. But if all this is so, then these extraordinary creatures are concealed from public observation and contact except when Professor Sherman packs his field-glasses and comes to town. To natives of the Eastern seaboard the type is unknown—and as incredible, as grotesquely nightmarish, as the spectacle of a college professor who at one moment writes like a scholar, a poet, a master of wit and of exquisite malice, and at another moment writes like the funny man on the Urbana *Daily Cosmos*.

Of Professor Sherman's remarks on Mr. Mencken it would be impertinent to speak while Mr. Mencken himself has his health. It is pleasanter to remember the admirable studies—independent, enlightened, unexceptionable in tone and style—of Franklin, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whitman, the Adamses, Mr. P. E. More. How excellent and salutary it is to have someone remind us that "a certain levity, almost a frivolity", which Emerson exhibits now and then

> in the presence of creeds, churches, pious organizations, is actually the consequence of his entire reverence in the presence of every unmistakable manifestation of spiritual life. . . . He feels that the religious edifices of the day are become uninhabitable; the religious spirit is seeking a new home. "Religion", he remarks, "does not seem to me to tend now to a cultus as heretofore, but to a heroic life." We find difficulty in conceiving any church, any liturgy, any rite that would be genuine.

What an inestimable service Professor Sherman renders to our times in unearthing, for the benefit of the mob of hundred-percenters, this audacity of the wisest of Americans: "Our institutions, though in coincidence with the spirit of the age, have not any exemption from the practical defects which have discredited other forms. Every actual State is corrupt. Good men must not obey the laws too well." This is the Emerson who received John Brown in Concord; and when, two years later, the

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law doomed him to die, he declared publicly in Boston that the new saint would "make the gallows glorious like the cross".

We prefer to leave to Mr. Max Eastman Professor Sherman's conviction that Walt Whitman "would have been hanged by a canny council of workmen because of the genius of a new aristocracy lurking in his 'great persons', his powerful free individuals, and pervading, indeed, all that he says or sings". Nor is it worth while to comment at length on Professor Sherman's characteristic remark about the *Spoon River Anthology:* "Does it", he asks, "fill one with a sentiment of one's importance as a moral being and of the greatness of one's destiny?" It does not. But does *Macbeth* "fill one with a sentiment of one's importance as a moral being", etc.? Yet Professor Sherman proposes that test, "a very simple one", which will determine for us whether or not any given poetry is great. We suppose it may sometime dawn upon Professor Sherman that he is not the first critic who has confidently invented a divining-rod for determining the presence of the sacred fount, and has eventually had to discard it as useless. That the excitation of a belief in "one's importance as a moral being" is a function of great poetry seems less certain to many than it does to Professor Sherman. But it is clearly quite futile to say so to a critic who is capable of testing a work like the *Spoon River Anthology* by any such touchstone, or who can soberly recommend Emerson to us as a poet by citing as "flawless" such verse as this:

> Spirit, that made those heroes dare
> To die, and leave their children free,
> Bid Time and Nature gently spare
> The shaft we raise to them and thee.

That, says Professor Sherman, is poetic "wine of wine". We should prefer to call it rhetorical grapejuice.

> The flame of the moon ran under my eyes
> Amid a forest stillness broken
> By a flute in a hut on the hill.
> At last when I came to lie in bed
> Weak and in pain, with the dreams about me,
> The soul of the river had entered my soul,
> And the gathered power of my soul was moving

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So swiftly it seemed to be at rest
Under cities of cloud and under
Spheres of silver and changing worlds—
Until I saw a flash of trumpets
Above the battlements over Time!

That seems to us to come a good deal nearer to being poetry than does Emerson's *Concord Hymn*. But since it is from the *Spoon River Anthology*, and since (for us at least) it adds not a cubit to our conception of our eminence as a Moral Being, we are doubtless mistaken.

It is only when Professor Sherman succeeds in forgetting *his* obligations as a Moral Being that he is completely winning. But when he achieves this feat, how persuasive and memorable he can be! What could be more deeply tender, wiser, more humane, than this?—

He would have discovered in the average man—along with healthy self-interest, petty vices, and envy enough to keep him stirring—courage, fortitude, sobriety, kindness, honesty, and sound practical intelligence. He would have discovered something even more surprising. He would have learned that the average man is, like himself, at heart a mystic, vaguely hungering for a peace that diplomats cannot give, obscurely seeking the permanent amid the transitory; a poor swimmer struggling for a rock amid the flux of waters, a lonely pilgrim longing for the shadow of a rock in a weary land.

And of the St. Gaudens statue which marks the grave of Henry Adams's wife in Rock Creek Cemetery he has written these sentences of haunting beauty:

Here at sunset, after long wandering, the Pilgrim comes at last to the place where no answers are given; at the gateless wall ponders the mysteries, silent, passive, thinking without hope yet without despair, "Here restless minds and limbs of divine mold rest at last. This is the place of dust and shadow and the dispersion of all that was sweet and fair into the devouring tides of energy. This may be the end of all, forever and ever. If so, so be it." Thus that sombre figure appears to commune with itself; but so much will is manifest even in its repose, it seems so undefeated even in defeat, that the visitor departs saying to himself: "Man is the animal that destiny cannot break."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THE best vindication of France's occupation of the Ruhr district comes from Germany itself, and it is twofold. The right of such action, indeed, needed no vindication. It was obvious to everyone capable of reading and understanding the Treaty of Versailles or of appreciating the fundamental principles of justice and equity. But that right was emphasized and vindicated by Germany, in the very circumstance of her being alone among all nations in trying to deny it. "No man," wrote John Trumbull, "e'er felt the halter draw, with good opinion of the law." No fraudulent and deliberately defaulting debtor ever approves the legal process through which judgment is executed upon him. But his dishonest demurrer is a tribute to the law. Vindication of the expediency of the French advance is another matter. We must recognize the fact that many good friends of France were doubtful concerning the wisdom of her policy and concerning its success; and that even foremost French statesmen realize it to be a very grave act to occupy the Ruhr, confronted with colossal difficulties. Yet here again Germany affords vindication by her perverse intransigence. She had an opportunity to say, "Come in, if you will, and see for yourselves how impossible it is for us to meet your demands." That is what she would have done, had she been honest in her protests against the requirements of the Reparations Commission. Instead she has pursued the characteristic course of a fraudulent bankrupt, in trying to conceal her assets or to remove them from her creditors' reach, and to embarrass and if possible prevent any effective appraisement and administration of her resources. Clearly, in dealing with such a defaulter, strong measures were prescribed. France has put forth an iron hand, though in a glove of velvet. We shall see what happens before her grip is relaxed.

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Meantime, there are suggestive memories of the manner in which Germany collected unlawful tribute and ransom from Belgian towns and cities only a few years ago, and in which she strove to "bleed France white" fifty-odd years ago. Are German statesmen, I wonder, familiar with the saying of old: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again"?

The first trial of men for the Herrin Massacre has ended, as was not altogether unexpected, in acquittal, but the same men are to be retried on other capital charges, and there are others awaiting trial. Meantime prosecution of men suspected of Ku Klux Klan murders at Mer Rouge, Louisiana, is in progress, with results not at this writing to be forecast. Whatever may be the final outcome in either case, these facts are indelibly seared upon the national consciousness: That in these two places remotely separated from each other, among people, in circumstances, and for causes as widely different as can be imagined, were committed with studied deliberation two of the most atrocious tragedies that sully the annals of man, with details so revolting that no paper nor official report could set them down in print. Someone is guilty, and should be punished. To say that such things could be done, in two of the oldest and most important States of this Union, and nobody be brought to book for them, would be to impeach American civilization.

An interesting coincidence is observed in the course of some labor organizations toward two recent tragedies. In Illinois a lawless mob of labor unionists tortured and murdered a number of non-unionists; whereupon labor unions all over the land moved for the raising of an immense fund for the defense of all who should be accused and put on trial for the crime. Later, in Arkansas, a lawless mob of non-unionists tortured some unionists and murdered at least one of them; whereupon labor unions all over the land moved for the raising of an immense fund for the prosecution of those charged with the crime. Perhaps that is merely an application to labor unions of a perverted interpretation of Stephen Decatur's famous toast to "Our Country",

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made to read, "Our unions, right or wrong!" If so, it might be edifying for those who thus make use of it to recall some pertinent comments upon it by John Quincy Adams. The most unfortunate phase of the matter is the inclination it indicates toward injecting class interests into the administration of justice. Class legislation is thoroughly evil; but class enforcement of the laws would be to make an end of all law and justice. Of course, labor unionists, who are generally intelligent and law-abiding men and women, do not intend any such abominable thing. But they do themselves injustice by too great readiness to regard every accused unionist as innocent just because he is a unionist, and every accused non-unionist as guilty just because he is a non-unionist.

Almost every new incident in foreign affairs emphasizes the pertinent truth of what Mr. Elihu Root said recently upon the subject of our popular lack of information concerning them:

> The people of the United States have not bothered themselves much about international relations. . . . And now we are brought into immediate and inevitable contact with them, and the whole people of the United States are expressing opinions about them, and a very large part of the discussion is carried on on a basis of insufficient knowledge. . . . There are some people who think they know it all when they know very little. There are many people who think they can solve all the great problems of international affairs by evolving schemes out of their own consciousness. And I have been much interested to see how uniformly they settle everything international —except the difficulties!

To that "insufficient knowledge" we may attribute the erroneous views of the proverbial "man in the street"; but it would overstrain charity thus to excuse the spokesmen of error on the platform and in the press. There has lately been a prodigious recrudescence of clamor about the policy of "isolation", whatever that may mean. It seems to mean that if we adhere to the counsel of Washington and Jefferson, to refrain from permanent and entangling alliances with foreign Powers, and maintain the implied pledge of the Monroe Doctrine not to meddle in foreign affairs which are none of our business, we are dooming ourselves to the status of a hermit nation, something like old-time Corea,

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and Japan before Perry's day. It would really seem that the most elementary acquaintance with the subject should teach men that Washington and Jefferson commended and urged the largest possible degree of social, commercial and all other non-political intercourse with all nations, and that the Monroe Doctrine abjures nothing in the world but military and political aggression. Of course, there may, under the dispensations of an inscrutable Providence, be those who imagine that social and commercial intercourse is impossible without political meddlings and entanglements; and, equally of course, there is always room for more in the mortar with the wheat.

Frederic Harrison was not, as some unthinkingly called him, the "last of the great Victorians", but he was certainly one of the latest—as he was also one of the earliest—and one of the greatest. He was one of the very few of that illustrious company who more than spanned the whole of Victoria's reign. He was born while her uncle was still on the throne, and he lived through many years of her grandson's reign; the personal witness of four successive sovereigns. But his longevity, extraordinary as it was, cannot be accounted his most striking characteristic. His versatility and his industry were still more amazing, and perhaps most of all was his intense and unflagging vitality which gave him the keenest of interest in everything that concerned mankind. Jurist, administrator, social and political and religious reformer, historian, critic, journalist, philosopher, philanthropist—he seemed to possess all the talents, and to exercise them all with surpassing skill. Not least shall we remember him for his relation to the World War. As an octogenarian, he discerned its coming in advance, and predicted the very manner of its outbreak with an accuracy which, after its fulfilment, seemed supernatural; but, like Lord Roberts, he was laughed at, railed at, and savagely denounced for his pains. At eighty-five he was a war correspondent at the battle front, and wrote one of the most masterful and convincing of all books on the great struggle; and after the peace, more than a nonagenarian, he wrote on the settlements with all the vigor of an ardent youth. Positivist in religion, Radical in politics,—though living to see the tide flow past until his

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radicalism seemed reactionary,—he was in Humanity such a kindly, balanced, rounded, much-achieving man as the world has not often seen and may not often see again.

The remarkable achievement of some French explorers, in driving across the Sahara from Algiers to Timbuctoo in automobile vehicles, was effected without serious mishap and with gratifying success; demonstrating, incidentally, the superiority of automobiles to aeroplanes on that inhospitable route, since the attempt to make the journey in the latter vehicles ended in tragic disaster. Of course the old schoolbook notion of the Great Desert, as a smooth expanse of sand, basking in perpetual heat, is quite mistaken. The adventurers had many miles of rugged rocks and hill ranges to traverse, and while it was burning hot by day, at night it was bitter cold; circumstances which picturesquely justify the name of "Sahara of the North" which has been applied to the Arctic regions. By interesting coincidence, at the very time when these Frenchmen were crossing the African desert, there occurred the death of David Lindsay, the explorer who made some of the most memorable journeys across the Australian continent with its no less forbidding wastes.

In *Proletcult*, a magazine for boys and girls published by the Communists of England, I find the following oath, which Communists are expected to take, its form being an obvious parody upon the oath of allegiance:

> I, ——, do swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to my Class, their heirs and successors, according to the Class Struggle, without any God.

One cannot avoid wondering if those responsible for this absurd thing, and those who are deluded into taking it, realize that it is calculated to deny and forbid all progress, and to doom those who are under its spell to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for generation after generation, forever. It is the hope and pride of those who are not Communists that they may make progress, through merit, from lowly to higher places.

Jewish by race and faith, Prussian and Livonian by parentage, Hungarian by nativity, French by adoption and residence, and

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Danish in his marriage choice, Max Simon Nordau approximated the cosmopolitan in circumstance and realized it in spirit. Albeit, he was a prophet without honor in any of the three countries which he was successively entitled to call his own. Hungary was intolerable to him because of Magyar contempt for Germans. Germany turned upon him and rended him when he cast his pearls of truth before her. Even France, long hospitable and appreciative of his genius, regarded him with suspicion and placed him under surveillance in the World War; though in fact he was aggressively loyal to the Allied cause. Despite the immense vogue of his two most striking books, *The Century's Disease* and *Degeneration*, thirty years and more ago, he was chiefly a voice crying in the wilderness, with none but the wilderness to hear. But the world is learning today, through much travail, the truth of his scathing arraignment of its crimes and follies. The confused æsthetic notions, the mysticism, the "realism", the "futurism", the sex obsession, the physical, intellectual and moral hysteria which have in late years afflicted the world, were accurately perceived and condemned by him in fearless words. Yet with all his recognition of the evil in the world, he was never a pessimist, but unwaveringly looked for ultimate reaction toward sanity and cleanliness. It was his misfortune that his diagnosis of the world's health, to be honest and thorough, had to be so searching and intimate, and so touched to the quick the most sensitive organs of the patient. In those circumstances it was impossible for his work to be judiciously and dispassionately appraised. Another age will judge him more justly than did his own.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

DAVID LUBIN: A Study in Practical Idealism. By Olivia Rossetti Agresti. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Just what is the relation between what we call genius and what we call character? Both words are, to be sure, greatly in need of definition, yet the concepts denoted by them seem to have this in common: that each suggests the idea of an irresistible inner force—an emanation of what used to be called the soul. The career of David Lubin is remarkable as showing the expansion of such an inner force—its effective working out amid circumstances diversely unfavorable, and through a personality that no one at the start would have thought particularly well adapted to be the medium of its expression. There was in the man a germ of something—call it character or call it genius—that grew, and in its growth moved obstacles aside as the root of a tree may heave and crack a concrete sidewalk.

David Lubin was born in a Jewish community in a little town in Russian Poland. In 1855, when he was six years old, his parents emigrated to America, taking the boy with them. The family lived on the East Side of New York. Though David was always a great reader and an independent thinker, he had but little formal education. At the age of twelve he left school and went to Massachusetts, where he obtained work neither well-paid nor very promising for the future. When sixteen years old he went to California to live with a married sister. We are told that the young man was strong, vigorous, and fond of outdoor sports, and that in Los Angeles he thoroughly enjoyed the life of what was then a pioneer community. In 1868 he joined an expedition which went to Arizona in search of gold. He returned no richer for his experience, except that he had tested his soul in thrilling adventures and had increased his mastery of the rough, forcible, picturesque speech of the pioneer. He manifested subsequently a remarkable talent for business and also a mechanical ingenuity not so usual in members of his race as is the former characteristic. While working for a firm that manufactured lamps, he invented a successful safety lamp for coal miners. At a later date, business trips to Europe broadened his horizon. At length he returned to California, where his lately widowed sister had started a small drygoods store. The development of this little enterprise into a large and successful business appears to close the first phase of his career. By 1884 he had become a prosperous and substantial merchant.

The story of this rise from poverty to comparative wealth is diversely interesting, though not unfamiliar in its theme and its general outline. The

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really interesting point, however, is that in Lubin's work and circumstances up to the time when he acquired a comfortable fortune there was nothing particularly favorable to the growth of the reformer, the intensely practical dreamer that he became. Intellectually—and he possessed in a high degree the intellectual keenness of his race—he was self-evolved.

"I would be pleased to have you read this book," [Maimonides, *A Guide to the Perplexed,*] he once wrote to his son, "and write me something in the nature of a thesis on the subject from time to time; and do not for one moment think that reading such books will deteriorate business faculty. Nothing is better calculated to strengthen business ability, and there is nothing better calculated to help to an understanding of books such as this than everyday business experience provided that the business thought be blended with the philosophic sentence, and the philosophic sentence be blended with the business experience; but in all this there should be absolutely no trace of priggishness."

This point of view is sufficiently unusual. Still more exceptional, and quite as hard to account for through the influence of environment, is Lubin's moral enthusiasm and general breadth of view. The most one can say is that, like Henry George, he was moved through his residence in California to devote his mind to the problems of agricultural economy. The rest was heredity—the inherited force of strong belief in self and strong belief in righteousness.

Beginning with the consideration of local problems, he widened his views through successive circles. "In 1893, the Californian had become an American; in 1896 the American was becoming a citizen of the world." When, in 1904, he had induced the King of Italy to champion the cause of international organization of agriculture, his mother's prophecy, "You shall sit at table with kings," had been fulfilled. But the foundation of the International Institute of Agriculture, made possible by the initiative of King Victor Emanuel, was to Lubin only a beginning. He regarded this organization as merely a link in a chain, the first International Department of a World Administration. With unsparing devotion he gave the remainder of his life to work in behalf of his great idea, not trying to realize at once the whole of an ambitious programme, but applying his energies where he saw most hope of practical results. His ten years of work for America were fruitful. Who but he could or would have carried out the scheme of having two farmers from each State of the Union travel through Europe in order to study agricultural conditions? "The American farmer," writes Signora Agresti, "has to thank David Lubin if he secured a picture of the European credit and coöperative systems before the curtain fell on a phase in the world's history. The special piece of work then accomplished could never be performed again."

David Lubin would have scouted the idea that he was a genius: he thought of himself as an ordinary "scrub" man. He wished to show what the ordinary "scrub" man could do. Character, he had; but "character" in the

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ordinary sense, connoting blamelessness and reasonable faithfulness to obligations, seems often to fail in the accomplishment of results at all notable. The more or less impotent man of good character is quite as common a type with us as is the aggressive crank, and both lack the kind of "character" that works miracles, as Lubin's did. Whatever it was that David Lubin had in him, it was something that the world needs just now more than it needs almost anything else.

THE LETTERS OF HORACE HOWARD FURNESS. Edited by Horace Howard Furness Jayne. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

It is a fact worth noting that Horace Howard Furness, one of the greatest of Shakespearean scholars, thought most talk about Shakespeare foolish. This opinion of his, however, was not adopted for the reason that might be hastily assumed. It is true that he spent the best years of his life upon the vast and meticulous labor of preparing his great Variorum Edition of the plays. It might be supposed, then, that he was of the type of scholar that prefers the letter to the spirit. Precisely the opposite was the case. His Shakespeare-worship was so sincere that he was willing to undergo the most irksome toil provided that the meaning of obscure passages might be made even a little clearer or at any rate the conclusion be reached that the original obscurity was better than any possible interpretation. Whatever might conceivably help to diffuse a love and intelligent appreciation of the plays he deemed worthy of the most painstaking effort. But the motive back of all his work was not an interest in the dry technique of textual criticism—which, in fact, he detested—nor an ambition for celebrity as an exact scholar, but an intense devotion to the plays themselves, an absorption in their very spirit. Thus, the emotional strain of editing was to him as great as that of inspired authorship. After being immersed for months in the agonies of Othello he was so much affected by the terror of the tragedy that he questioned whether Shakespeare ought ever to have written the play! As a reader, he thrilled his audiences with awe, moved them to tears, or provoked them to laughter with the mastery of a consummate actor. No one thought of the anomaly of a white-haired old gentleman representing Cleopatra; one thought only of Cleopatra.

Here is a paradox and one well worth attention: the most dry-as-dust of our Shakespeareans (so far as *minutiæ* were concerned) was at the same time one of the most sympathetic and inspired Shakespeareans that ever lived. No one cared more than he for the plays just in themselves, or was more in accord with Matthew Arnold's dictum:

> Others abide our question. Thou art free.
> We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
> Outtopping knowledge.

To him idle speculations—and most attempts at ingenious analysis of the plays

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are idle—were an abomination. He resented particularly any too curious attempt to relate the characters and events of the plays to any real persons or things. He wanted Shakespeare's world to remain as "unreal", as purely a world of the imagination, as it was meant to be. The effort to spoil the illusion by showing out of what commonplace materials it was made seemed to him an impertinence. If Shakespeare had not believed in his characters and in the world which they inhabited, as produced by his imagination, he could not have written what he wrote. Very well, let the reader be of the same mind so far as in him lies.

It is a lesson to be preached, this love of the plays for what they are and for what Shakespeare intended them to be. In this age, when what is real seems to be valued chiefly *because* it is real, there is danger of forgetting that Shakespeare's plays and Whistler's pictures may be in very truth much better than reality. It is a dissipation, no doubt, to seek in imagination an escape from the austerity of the moral law: this is the danger of romance—of all romance save Shakespeare's, if "romantic" his plays can be truly called. But that is a different matter altogether from the realization that there can be something more beautiful and thrilling than Main Street!

A somewhat curious indication of Horace Howard Furness's general attitude is the fact that he rejoiced in the poverty of our knowledge of Shakespeare's life. Of Professor Wallace's discoveries, he spoke kindly, but without enthusiasm. Quite useless, he thought to try to conceive the personality of the man who wrote the plays! To us he is and must always remain simply the man who wrote them, and perhaps the less we know of his actual daily life the better. He could scarcely bear to look upon the portraits of Shakespeare, thinking them a hindrance rather than a help toward a conception of the forever unapproachable genius.

The scholarship of Horace Howard Furness speaks for itself. His recently published letters are simply a revelation of the intimate personality of a man who beyond all others lived by the maxim, "One touch of Shakespeare makes the whole world kin." In reading them, one is amazed at the versatility of mind, the breadth of sympathy, and the depth of feeling of one who might well be deemed a scholarly recluse. There is little enough of Shakespearean criticism or of any kind of literary criticism in the letters. They are mainly a charming self-revelation, in which a singular gift of expression ministers to the needs of a personality always worth expression. This last is said advisedly. Horace Howard Furness seems to have been one of those few men who cannot take up a pen on the most casual occasion without writing something both humanly valuable and distinguished in style. In his letters there is nothing trivial but the intentional trivialities of pleasantry; nothing solemn but the solemnity of deep grief. Without the least breach of decorum the writer appears to break through every formality and to reach the heart and mind of his reader with his slightest word. In his later years he is able to reproach himself for the defects of old age without offending by his apologies, and to the

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very end, though the loss of his wife and one of his children had really broken his heart, he rejoices in love and friendship with an unfeigned gayety.

His individual style is an unfailing delight. What could be a harder task than to express with poetic charm the thought of prospective boredom? Yet the eloquence of Furness's tale of how tiresome he expected to find tarpon-fishing is matched only by the eloquence of his tale of how he caught his tarpon.

Horace Howard Furness's life was by no means uneventful or colorless. The experiences of his younger days left in his mind a rich deposit of memories. As a youth in Harvard, he saw, to his great delight, Phillips Brooks tossed in a blanket—"he was so very big and rose so very high, with arms and legs wide-spread!"—and gazed upon the features of Daniel Webster lying in state. He had many boyish escapades and formed many ties of lasting value. The tale of his travels abroad reads now like the romance of a remote but much loved antiquity—a romance of Europe long before the war, a Europe that seems now charming and unsophisticated—and one's heart is warmed by the fulness of the young man's delight in his quaint and stimulating experiences. During and after the Civil War, unable to enlist in the military service because of his deafness, he actively engaged in the work of the invaluable Sanitary Commission. The story of his work as acting chairman of the Seybert Commission, which between 1883 and 1887 investigated Spiritualism, is a curious record, enlivened by a caustic humor and humanized by a sympathy that could feel for the weakness of even the fraudulent medium if she happened to be a frail and more or less self-deluded woman. All in all, however, one is most impressed by the freedom of spirit of a man who according to his own account "rubbed his nose on every letter and glared at every comma" of the texts he collated. His life is another proof, and a striking one, of the truth that true culture liberates while pseudo-culture does not. No ordinary mortal may become cultured by pursuing the kind of work to which Furness in considerable part devoted his life; though one might become learned in a sense, by this process. But on the other hand no amount of nose-rubbing or comma-glaring could make Furness a pedant. On the contrary, textual criticism, which to most minds and characters would be a stumbling block and an occasion of offense, appears to have been for him a means of grace and culture.

Reflected in all the later pages of the book is what the editor calls with real felicity "the ineffable comeliness" of Horace Howard Furness's scholarly life, his rare good humor and his kindly sympathy. The pursuits of few distinguished persons are more remote from most men's "business and bosoms" than were those of Furness, yet few personal records are more truly exemplary than his. The very atmosphere of his life, the "comeliness" of an existence devoid, not of sorrow, but of all manner of crabbedness either of mind or disposition, and conspicuously free from the vices of spiritual sloth, cynicism, and unkindness, comes over one most gratefully as he reads. Whatever may be one's inclinations as to Shakespeare or textual criticism, one is bound to feel this effect. To have lived thus is to have lived well,—well in all senses,—one

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inevitably reflects, as he turns the last page of this life-story of a great humanist. Let us hope that the old-fashioned gentleman, the old-fashioned humanist, will not be utterly extinguished in this day of much education and little culture.

UNDER FOUR ADMINISTRATIONS. By Oscar Straus. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Oscar Straus's autobiography deserves to be characterized chiefly as the record of a distinguished citizen. It is a story less rich in anecdote than strong in facts, and less notable for novel opinions than enlightening in the expression of views which can only be arrived at through a combination of perfect impartiality, full information, and eminent good sense. But it is the public spirit,—something a little different from what is ordinarily called "patriotism" or "Americanism",—a spirit pervading the whole career, which most strikes one. The attitude of intellectual detachment and of moral courage which is manifested in all Mr. Straus's public conduct is something rare and worthy of comment. In America there is so much that is either zealously partizan, or militantly mugwump, or intellectually indifferent, or not intellectual at all, that a character like that of Mr. Straus, combining piercing intellect with a commanding abstract sense of duty, seems phenomenal. Before such a temperament difficulties appear to dissolve. One does not, as one reads, wonder at Mr. Straus's success. The stages by which he advanced, gaining an early education by hard work, graduating from Columbia University, building up a successful law practice, becoming Minister to Turkey,—these forward strides, so impossible for the average person, seem perfectly easy and natural in the story of Mr. Straus's career. Never engaging in petty controversies, never disturbed by excessive personal ambitions, but guided by principle,—"idealism", he calls it,—this successful man goes serenely on his way, always appearing to be sought rather than to seek. He was often in sufficiently difficult positions,—though never in *false* positions,—but one receives the impression that all problems are comparatively easy to intellect backed by character. Thus, without the slightest egoism, Mr. Straus continually illustrates for us throughout the story of his extraordinary career the essential wisdom of being guided by idealism—that is, by principles.

The truth is that to maintain this attitude consistently requires more courage than most persons possess. This remark is platitudinous, yet it may acquire a certain distinction and depth from an anecdote concerning Mr. Straus which is in its way as significant as anything in his book of reminiscences.

While Oscar Straus was a senior in Columbia University he with other members of his class was obliged to receive instruction in a subject called Evidences of Religion, taught by Dr. McVickar. The good Doctor was a poor disciplinarian, and the subject, necessarily taught from a sectarian viewpoint, was distasteful to many members of the class, while to many more the circumstances afforded an opportunity for boisterousness and general insubordina-

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tion. This typical exhibition of Anglo-Saxon love of liberty was not pleasing to the more thoughtful and law-abiding Straus.

"One day when the disturbances became most flagrant," he records, "and the poor professor was really quite helpless, I ventured to point out to him how he might bring about order. He received my suggestion most favorably, so I asked him to let me take his chair for a few moments. I made a brief appeal to the class, reminding them that we were now seniors, and that there were some, especially those intending to study for the ministry, who were interested in the subject and prevented from following it by the boisterous behavior of the rest. I was jeeringly dubbed Professor Straus, but I went right on. I said I knew that there were a number who were opposed to the study of Evidences of Christianity, and I proposed that they rise. To those who got up, I gave permission to leave, and, as I recall, there were some eight or ten left. Then I turned to Dr. McVickar and said, 'Here is a class you can teach'. And the session went on smoothly enough."

This seemingly insignificant bit of "class-room diplomacy" deserves to be pondered. The confidence in right principles, the effective appeal to reason, the insusceptibility to jeers, are noteworthy. Broadly speaking, the whole episode would seem impossible nowadays, because almost every student would rather be shot than place himself in a similar position. That is what one means by saying that such qualities are rare and worthy of emphasis. Such individualism, such moral courage,—this *type* of moral courage,—is too seldom found among either college students or mature men.

It is perhaps the secret of that public spirit which was so fully manifested in Oscar Straus's life. We know of him as three times Minister to Turkey, as the able Secretary of Commerce and Labor in Roosevelt's Cabinet, and as an active leader in so many public movements that the mere enumeration of them would be tedious, while a detailed discussion would be impossible within ordinary limits of space. This book reveals him also as the wise counsellor and gives authoritative and close views of many of those eminent men with whom he was intimately associated.

In many ways this autobiography is comparable to the remarkable life-story of Edward Bok. Both men were foreign-born, both were "self-made"; above all, both men exhibited in an intense degree that many-sided and active public spirit, that fearless initiative and practical optimism, which are the most lauded and the rarest virtues of our time.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ESPIONAGE OR ASSISTANCE?

SIR:

The dynamic and stimulating article, *Prospecting for Intelligence*, by Miss Caroline E. MacGill in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, certainly needed to be written: Miss MacGill has written it splendidly. There are several things which the public should ponder over and act upon: Miss MacGill has stated them forcibly and arrestingly.

From two of her theses, however, I must dissent.

First, if I mistake not her meaning, she wants to increase the number of private schools and "scrap" the public schools. My experience of several years in both private and public schools leads me to conclude that while, as Miss MacGill says, "What is needed is more special schools, not fewer", these special schools should be *public*. I readily concede that the large classes of the average public school contain many misfits—both pupils above the intelligence of the grade and those below. I concede also that there are many mistaken school officials who think the children are born for the sake of the schools, instead of the schools being established for the sake of the children. The remedy, as I see it, is not to put these misfit children into private schools, however good, but into public schools especially planned and conducted for pupils of their type. Of course this involves getting rid of both the "hard-boiled" and the "halfbaked" administrators and teachers.

Some years ago I heard Professor J. C. Metcalf—then of Richmond College—say that in the last analysis there is no such thing as a private school; that since all schools educate prospective citizens, all are public schools. In that dictum I concur, and take the next step logically. Since all schools are public schools, all should be maintained and conducted by the public.

In practically every community in which I have lived there have been some excellent citizens who were dissatisfied with the local public schools—frequently with good reason. They believed their children entitled to better opportunities than those offered in the local system, but they took the wrong method, in my opinion, to secure the desired advantages. Either they sent their sons and daughters away from home to some private academy, or combined forces and funds and induced someone to establish a private school in their home town. It goes without saying that most of these people were well-to-do or rich. Others, who really could not afford to patronize these expensive new schools felt compelled to do so for "social reasons". Naturally this additional expense had to be recouped by a saving in some other department of the family budget. Oftentimes, I am afraid, it meant skimping the family table—certainly not a good preparation for better brain work.

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I maintain that had these good citizens invested the same amount of time, effort and money in improving the public schools, the results would have been infinitely better all around. Let those citizens visit the schools, get acquainted with trustees, supervisors and teachers, and make friends of them; aid them with advice and sympathy. Then watch the improvement. Let those taxpayers insist that their taxes be spent to the best advantage, in securing the best superintendents and teachers, and an adequate number of them. Let those parents who are dissatisfied with the public schools serve a while on the school boards and improve the system.

The second fallacy I find in Miss MacGill's witty paper is the assumption that all public school inspectors and supervisors are spies. Clearly "no one can do good work under perpetual espionage". Granted: there is absolutely no room for argument there. That statement is axiomatic. However, the next sentence is a woful *non sequitur:* "It is the *raison d'être* of inspectors to find fault and to alter, in order to justify their salaries."

Doubtless there are inspectors of the type described, for Miss MacGill paints too life-like a picture to be drawing upon her imagination. Still, such must be very rare specimens, since in an experience extending over more than twenty years in nine States I have not met a single specimen of this genus.

Hitherto I have labored under the delusion that the *raison d'être* of an inspector, supervisor or other official visitor is to observe the teaching and by his encouragement and advice to improve it. By passing on to one teacher the best devices observed in the work of others, by judicious praise of good work, the inspector helps to improve the beginner, the weak teacher, the discouraged teacher. Naturally, he or she will observe some mistakes. Clearly it is his duty to children, taxpayers and parents to call the teacher's attention to them, privately and tactfully. Inevitably, the inspector will sometimes find a person conducting a class whom nature never meant for a teacher; after fruitless and repeated efforts to help such a person, it is the plainest duty in the world to recommend his or her dismissal. I am happy to say that in my public school experience I always enjoyed the visits of superintendent, principal or board member. Needless to say, they sometimes found things to correct in my work, but it was seldom that such a visitor left without giving my associates and me some valuable suggestions.

In short, my experience as pupil and teacher in public schools and private convinces me that the remedy for the ills Miss MacGill points out so ably is the coöperation of all public spirited citizens in improving the public schools. Let neither politics nor sentiment stand in the way of weeding out incapable teachers and "spies". Let not conservatism or timidity stand in the way of establishing as many "special" schools as seem necessary. But above all, let it be done in the spirit of Dumas's immortal swashbucklers: "One for all; all for one."

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Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.

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WORKERS AND EMPLOYERS BOTH HUMAN

SIR:

May I be permitted to express my deep appreciation of the article by Mr. Seebohm Rowntree on *The Future of British Industry* in your recent number? The closing portion especially in its constructive suggestions was to me of paramount interest. Neither is this academic on my part, for I have been an actual worker and am in a position to know certain things as a matter not of theory but of experience. It seems to me that Mr. Rowntree has suggested, if not the solvent for the main problem, at least a scheme under which the solvent may be applied. Workers and employers are very human, after all, and to condemn or estrange either class is to confess a lack of that faith in humanity which a practical man must assume to accomplish results. Many a workingman, from my experience, would contribute his portion in a mutual sacrifice for better things. Of course when you have created an atmosphere of distrust, things are extremely difficult, for each party feels the other is trying to "put it over", as the saying is.

As one who abhors sinister and explosive forces, and has no hope where law and order are disregarded, I simply want to express my approval or rather intense satisfaction in this article.

CAROL WIGHT.

Johns Hopkins University,
Baltimore, Md.

THE SERVICE OF "MILITARISM" IN PEACE

SIR:

What a hideous thing is "militarism", to be sure!

A most instructive and suggestive account is given in your February number of the way in which U. S. Navy officers, serving under Secretary Hoover, secured a great increase in the output of coal last year, distributed it discreetly, and saved the nation from imminent disaster. Their unique efficiency was unquestionably due to their naval training and discipline, their finely balanced sense of duty and of authority.

We all remember how civilians "fell down" at Panama, and how it needed two army officers—Gorgas and Goethals—to conquer the fever and complete the Canal.

What a hideous thing is our "militaristic" system, which trains men for such achievements in the works of peace! With such records, which may be indefinitely multiplied, ought not Annapolis and West Point to be immediately abolished?

WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY.

Washington, D. C.

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